THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

Ours is a materialistic civilization. This can be determined in numerous ways; but here is a sure and undeniable proof: All men and women today are educated to value very highly the great Without. To the "civilized" world objects seem more important than ideas. Scientific investigators use the power of thought, will and feeling to enrich the world of objects. "Factual and objective" approaches to politics, sociology and education are increasingly called for. Pragmatism, "matter-of-fact treatment of things" and Utilitarianism, which make actions right because they are useful and profitable, are the soul of modern business. If finance is the soul of politics and business, the pride of possession is the spirit of finance.

Even in the sphere of religion also creedalism teaches the Asiatic, the European, the American and the Australasian to look to priest and church, to seek guidance from the Without. The irreligious, the agnostic, the atheist, the rationalist, also seeks guidance in the Without. If God and Heaven are believed in they are "above" while the powers of evil dwell in Hell "below." Even God and Heaven are not one; the former lives and labours in Heaven and so "All's right with the world"; but is it? Modern philosophers, Oriental and Occidental alike, speculate about the Great Reality and they are not able to value truly the instruction of sages and seers, mystics and occultists, for they study but do not practise.

It is reported that a revival of religion is taking place. But it is not religion *per se* that is being revived but creedalism and sacerdotalism, in truth an expression of a lower and dangerous psychism. Spiritualists, Psychical Researchers, Pseudo-Theosophists and Pseudo-Mystics, vaguely feeling that the sensuous world is nothing but dust and ashes, are trying to point to the world within and speedily find themselves in the Hell within the blood and brain of man. The babble of the ghosts is taken for the message of the gods! The light which shines from the great ensnarer Mara is valued as the Tathagata Light of Wisdom Supreme. Psychic healers, psychoanalysts, hypnotists, para-

psychologists, are becoming the padres and purohits of the neurotic, the morally confused and the mentally defective.

Turning from the Without to seek God and Heaven and Peace and Bliss and Enlightenment within is often not only futile but dangerous when done in ignorance. For within the skull is the brain and it is mistaken for the mind. Mind is mistaken for soul; *psyche* for *nous*; soul for spirit and the glamourous luminosity of Hell for the supernal light of Heaven. And above all an anthropomorphic God for the *summum bonum*. This is the price our "civilization" is paying for rejecting the doctrines of the True Wisdom-Religion and adopting the teachings of religious creeds, Pseudo-Socialism, Marxian Communism, Scientific Materialism. George Santayana was stating a profound truth—"O World, thou choosest not the better part!" Equally right is he in pointing to modern knowledge as

> ... a torch of smoky pine
> That lights the pathway but one step ahead
> Across a void of mystery and dread.

Men of modern knowledge—theologians, philosophicules, psychiaters, bomb-builders, nationalist politicians and others of that ilk—are in power, seeing with only one eye, the mind, blind in the other, the heart. Such are the leaders; how then can humanity be helped? They are teaching humanity to blind the heart and to use only the mind. Blind belief and superstitions of an earlier era are reincarnating in our cycle as neo-blind belief and new superstitions. "The tender light of faith" will not be found in this Psychic World. Only the pure and compassionate reason can make itself a fit and worthy channel for the Presence of the Divine Spirit. The true World Within is simple, single, impartite, eternal; the radiance of Wisdom and Compassion suffuses it but only the Pure Thinker, the Unfettered man, can osmose it into his own being. Such should be the guides, philosophers and friends of humanity.

The age is revelling at a debauch of phenomena. The same marvels that the spiritualists quote in opposition to the dogmas of eternal perdition and atonement, the Roman Catholics swarm to witness as proofs of their belief in miracles! The sceptics make game of both. Who is to open their eyes and those of their class in other creeds?

In this country Gandhiji set the example of a sincere seeker of the True and had his own Voice within him; he experimented with Truth. It is not given to many to follow that difficult path. His findings are there but they will not satisfy many. What are the first steps for men and women of this decade, that they themselves may shun ignorance and the glamour of world-deception and train their minds to cognize the World of Light within?

SHRAVAKA

WHAT AUSTRALIA CAN LEARN FROM ANCIENT INDIA

[The venerable **Dr. Bhagavan Das** is a genuine philosopher, also a man of action and a true patriot. His *Science of Emotions* is a valuable treatise which enriches the knowledge of psychology. His *Science of Peace* reveals its author to be a profound metaphysician. His *Science of Social Organisation* is a unique contribution which at least Indian legislators and administrators should profit by. He has written several other volumes and among them three on the *Pranava Vada*. In the following article there are great ideas which need to be meditated upon and unfolded. — ED.]

THE ARYAN PATH is a monthly ably edited by Mrs. Sophia Wadia. In its issue for May 1952, appeared an article headed "What India Can Learn from Australia" by Miss S. Paranjpye.

For a year or more before 1952, I had been writing in the dailies on the need for checking the very dangerous increase of population which has been harassing statesmen and the public of all countries—with the sole exception of Russia—and especially those of India and China, since the beginning of this century; has been the cause of two World Wars; and is making a third and far more devastating global war imminent. Dr. Sir R. P. Paranjpye happened to see these articles. He has had a very wide and varied experience of many aspects of life, as Senior Wrangler of Cambridge, Professor in Fergusson College, Poona, Member of the Legislative Council and Minister of Education in Bombay, Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India in London, Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University, and finally High Commissioner for India in Australia. He wrote to me on the subject. I met him once in 1916 in Lucknow, when he and I both had gone there to attend a session of the Indian National Congress. After that, I saw him last year when he came to Banaras to attend a meeting of the Court of the Banaras Hindu University; and he mentioned to me that his daughter had been with him in Australia and was now Secretary of the Family Planning Committee composed of ladies which had its Headquarters in Bombay. She was doing much good work in this respect in Poona district especially, because father and daughter now reside permanently in the town of Poona. Thereafter, I exchanged some letters with her, and mentioned that I had written a reply to her article for THE ARYAN PATH, but that it had, somehow, not been published in that monthly. She asked if I had kept a manuscript copy.

No, I had not. The matter rested there.

Fortunately I happened to meet Mrs. Sophia Wadia in April last, at the Madras Government House. It seems that, somehow, my manuscript had got mixed up with the heaps of papers, articles, reviews, notes, etc., which she receives as Editor, and been forgotten. I got a copy of THE ARYAN PATH for May 1952, which, by another fortunate coincidence, was found at Ootacamund, "Queen of the hill-stations of India." This has enabled me to write my reply again fully, as below. And, for doing so, I have re-read the whole article, with great interest and pleasure.

One can subscribe wholeheartedly to the last paragraph:

> There is much that India can learn from Australia, as many of our present problems are similar to the ones she has already solved or is in the process of solving.

But, after having said this, let us turn to the work of pointing out what Australia can learn from India —not the degenerate modern India of the last ten or twelve centuries, but the Ancient India of Manu and the Rishis, of long before the times of the Mahābhārata War, which, the best and soundest Indian as well as European Orientalists agree, occurred 5,000 and odd years ago.

It is all very good and right that chauffeurs and "helps" (or "assistants," as I understand they are called in the U.S.A.) should wear as good clothes as the "helped," and eat the same food and at the same table as these. But can they do the same work, of Prime Minister, or bank manager, or general of the army, or air-marshal or admiral? Can bodily and mental powers be equalized democratically, as food and clothes can? Miss S. Paranjpye says, ". . . into howsoever *rich* a family be [a baby] may be born, 'Mummy' often has to do everything about the house herself." (So there still *are* differences of *rich* and *non-rich* even in Democratic Australia!) "Domestic help is such a rare luxury that she cannot depend upon it. More often than not, Mummy is her own cook maid, and laundress.... 'Daddy' gives her a hand with the washing up...over week-ends he chops wood...mows the lawn ..." All this domestic work, no doubt, helps to keep the parents physically fit. But surely there must be times when one of them, or even both, may be in bad health when colds and coughs run like epidemics (as, one reads in books, and newspaper reports, they sometimes do, in Australia). How do "Mummy" and "Daddy" manage then? On the same page: "...if Mummy decides to give him [the "little tot" mentioned earlier] a baby brother or a sister he must help her look after the newcomer." What happens then? More; even if father and mother

have made themselves sickness-proof, can babies be made so too? Even in such very highly advanced and super-civilized and scientific countries as the U.S.A., Britain, France, Russia, Italy (not to mention much-"occupied" Germany), infants continue to suffer the usual infantile diseases of throat and lungs and stomach, measles, rashes, whooping-cough, etc. Australia, I have read, is a country of excessively hot and dry summers, followed by torrential rains and, in such conditions, widespread sickness, especially of children and persons of weak constitution, is natural and usual. Do mother and father nurse them, and do their regular chores and office-work besides? Or perhaps the sick ones are promptly sent to public hospitals, and parents make hurried runs to the hospitals, mornings and evenings, just to look at their sick ones?

I cannot help feeling that if professors, ministers, legislators, bankers, generals, admirals, judges, advocates, physicians and surgeons, and their wives were put on oath and adjured to say truly whether they are satisfied with the present state of things, or not—I do believe they would say, they *are not*, and that they would very much like to have much more "help" than they now have. Of course, the "helps" and "assistants" should be fed and clothed as nicely as the "helped," at the latters' expense, but they should "help," substantially, so as to give their employers sufficient opportunity to pursue their respective avocations efficiently.

What is the best means of creating conditions which will make possible the satisfaction of all just interests, of all the proper requirements of all sections of the social whole, all professions and occupations? Obviously the only means is a rational and scientific organization of Society, which will enable each Individual to give the best work of which he is capable to the social whole, and that whole to make it possible for each Individual to do his or her best, in accord with congenital temperament and vocational aptitude. Then will Each work for All, and All work for Each. In the words of the *Gīṭā*,

Parasparam bhāvayaṇṭah
Shréyah param avāpsyaṭha.

Helping each other in loving co-operation, ye will all attain to the highest good and greatest happiness.

Where is such a rational and scientific scheme of socio-individual organization to be found, duly propounded? In the traditional teachings given by the Primal Lawgiver of the Indo-Aryan Race, Manu, and his descendants and disciples, the Rishis, saintly sages and seers, who have left Smṛṭis, Textbooks of Law, for the guidance of that Race.

It should be mentioned here, incidentally, that while many Indians educated in the modern Western way

despise and ridicule Manu, the U.S.A. has put up a statue to him in the grounds of its Court House in New York. The cause of this hatred of the very name of Manu by the Western-educated Indians is the present awfully degraded condition of "Hindu Society" with its crassly hereditary caste system, which they ascribe to Manu's Laws, without having studied them carefully. Manu's Institutes need to be interpreted in the light of Véḍ-ānṭa Metaphysic and Psychology to see how perfectly rational and scientific they are, and *practical* and *practicable* withal, as no other known "ideals" are. Such interpretation is enjoined in the Institutes themselves.

Na hi an-aḍhyāṭma-viṭ kash-chiṭ
Kriyā-phalaṁ up-āshnuṭe.

No one, who does not interpret these injunctions in the light of the science of Psychology, will be able to carry them into successful practice.

This *Aḍhyāṭma-viḍyā* is lauded in the *Gīṭā* too:

Aḍhyāṭma-Viḍyā Vidyānām,
Vāḍah pravaḍaṭām Aham.

Of all true sciences, Chief is the Science of Psychology, and of all interchanges of speech, the best is Friendly Discussion and Consultation with the sole purpose of arriving at the really helpful truth in any given circumstances.

Thus interpreted, Manu shows that there are four natural types of humans: (1) Men of Knowledge, Science, Learned Professions, (2) Men of Action, Executive Professions, (3) Men of Desire, Commercial Professions, (4) Men of undeveloped minds, Industrial or Manual Workers' Professions. These are the Four Varṇas. *Jāṭi* is *not Varṇa*; it is birth-species. English, Scot, Welsh, Irish, German, Punjabi, Russian, Bengali, Maratha, Chinese, Japanese, Arab, Persian, are *Jāṭis*, hundreds and thousands, *e.g.* among American Indians. But *Varṇas* are only four in every "society," which is at all a *society*: (1) Educators and Priests, (2) Defenders and Soldiers, (3) Traders and Suppliers of food and clothing and all necessaries, comforts and luxuries, (4) "Helps," "assistants," of these. Instinctively, there are (1) the Clergy and (2) the Nobility in the House of Lords in Britain, (3) Merchants and (4) Labourites in the House of Commons. That there are many lawyers, and a few medical doctors and also professors among the Commons, is due to special circumstances. So there are four natural Stages in an Individual Life: (1) *Brahma-chārī*, Student, (2) *Gṛhasṭha*, Householder and Family-man; (3) *Vanasṭha*, Person who has retired from the householder's life of competition for means of living and for wealth, lives on his savings, and does public work without any remuneration—except that of some "honour," for he is an "honorary" worker; (4) *Sannyāsī*, Renunciant Recluse, *religieux*, hermit, cenobite or anchorite, or *parivrājaka*—a wanderer, a spiritual servant of fellow humans. For

each *varṇa* and each stage, inseparable *Dharma* — Rights — and — Duties are enjoined, and more stress is laid on Duties than on Rights.

It should be noted in passing that desire for public honour, in return for good public service, is a just and natural desire, and should be duly satisfied by the public or its representatives such as legislators and rulers. Even Soviet Russia has instituted various Orders for exceptional scientific, literary, and military work; and our own Indian Union has given the title of "His Excellency" to its President, Vice-President, Governors, Ambassadors, High Commissioners, Deputy High Commissioners, and "Honourable" to its Ministers, Chairmen of Councils, and Speakers, and its Rāja-pramukhas retain their titles of "His Highness," Mahārājas, Nawābs, etc. It has also rightly instituted titles of Parama-vīra Chakra, Mahā-vīra-Chakra, Ashoka-Chakra, etc., for military officers who have distinguished themselves in battle; and *Paḍma-bhūshan* for protected allies. The U.S.A. and Soviet Russia, like all other countries which have sent Ambassadors or High Commissioners to India, insist on their being addressed as "His Excellency" in all public functions and official correspondence. And Australia too addresses its Governor-General as His Excellency, and when he happens to be a member of the Royal Family of Britain, as His Royal Highness. Its Prime Minister and Treasurer and Minister for Health are "Right Honourable"; the Minister for External Affairs also; and the Minister for Defence and other high military officers are G.C.M.G., etc.

There is no space in a monthly to expound the subject fully. To those readers who feel inclined to pursue the subject further, I can only recommend my *Science of Social Organisation or the Laws of Manu* in 3 vols., and my other books, in English, Hiṅdi, and Samskṛṭ. I do so with much regret, because, unfortunately, there are no other books, known to me, by any other writer, which deal with this very important subject of intense and urgent *practical* interest, in the same way.

There are many sentences in the article which one would like to discuss, but considerations of space forbid. Still one or two may be dealt with. P. 227: "Poverty is unknown and hunger is not experienced." Is there any petty crime, like thefts, shoplifting, small burglaries, etc., there? I understand from books, that there is no absence of such. But they are incompatible with absence of poverty and hunger. Same page: "A messenger boy in a department can rise to be the head of the department. . . . A recent Prime Minister had been an engine-driver." But such rises have occurred and are occurring in every country. In capitalist-imperialist-militarist Brit-

ain, a Welsh cobbler's nephew, Lloyd George, rose to be Prime Minister. Another cobbler's son became Stalin, tyrannical Dictator of Russia. "From Log-Cabin to White House" has happened repeatedly in the U.S.A., and very poor youths have become multi-millionaires by the time they have completed middle age; many, no doubt, by swindling on a vast scale, but also many through genius which has made astonishing scientific discoveries and inventions which have changed the face of the human world over and over again. In our own India, similar things have been happening within the last three or four decades, and more particularly since the advent of Swaraj. Indian experts are building seagoing ships, hundred-ton railway engines, bogies, wagons, vans, tracks, buses, motor-cars, even aeroplanes, etc.

No doubt our present rulers are making many mistakes, some very serious, for instance, the causing of sudden economic earthquakes, which have ruined and are ruining millions of families; and the imposition of too many taxes and devastating Income taxes and Sur-taxes; and, more than all else, Death (or Estate) Duties, which will pauperize hundreds of thousands of well-to-do families, and, very likely, by making it impossible for the heirs of the present great mill-owners and manufacturers to carry on the business, compel the Government to "nationalize" these vast industries, as the process is euphemistically called. We are witnessing the results of such "nationalization" under the recent Labour Government in Britain, and the reaction which has put the preceding Conservative Government again in power and made Sir Winston Churchill Prime Minister, who has begun denationalization of many heavy key industries.

Here, again, we may see the *practicality* of Manu's Psychology. There are four types of Minds, and none can do the work of any other successfully.

It appears that the Big Concerns are endeavouring "lawfully" to escape these "Death"-duties by legal devices, converting themselves into Companies and Trusts of various kinds, defeating Law by Law. But these subtle matters a layman like me cannot understand properly.

Meanwhile, the Indian People as a whole may take to themselves the consolation, for whatever it may be worth, that our new Rulers, new to the work and unprepared for it, will gradually learn by their mistakes; though the mistakes will have crushed and ruined millions before better conditions arise; even as a baby, when it first begins to toddle on its own feet, tumbles down over and over again, and hurts itself very seriously too, now and

then, as when it tries to climb up or down steep staircases, before it begins to stand firm and walk safely. This has been the case in all great revolutions and social and political convulsions. Witness the two World Wars and the vast Russian cataclysm. And after every such revolution, things settle down, the new generation adjusts itself, and gradually discovers that, after all, there has not been so very much of improvement, that there is still evil as well as good, misery as well as joy, though in perhaps somewhat different forms!

The conclusion which I have arrived at after some 70 years of studying, observing, thinking, (beginning with the 15th year of my life,) is that the whole of Nature is one infinite mass of countless Pairs of Opposites; that Good and Evil are inseparable; if you destroy one, you automatically and simultaneously destroy the other (as in profound slumber of the individual and the chaos of the world-system); and that the most we can do, and *ought* to try to do with all our might, is to minimize Evil and maximize Good, in any given time and place and circumstance, and when one good custom, by excess, does grow corrupt, then let the God in us fulfil Himself in new ways suited better to changed times.

Democratic Australia is getting on well to all seeing, with *much* more Good than Evil in her social organization. Degenerate India is also getting on somehow, like a much repaired and patched and very old creaking cart, with a *little* more Good than Evil in her social whole—for if Evil became at all more and Good less, India would "reel back into the beast" and the state of "Nature, red in tooth and claw" would prevail, and the ever-hungry jungle would rapidly eat up all towns and cities; for war between Vegetable and Animal is incessant: the Animal is always eating the Vegetable, and when it dies, its body makes manure and food for the Vegetable.

To conclude, undoubtedly present-day India has much to learn from Australia; and Australia has something to learn from (*not* modern but) *Ancient* India, and India herself has very much to learn from that Ancient India of Manu and the Rishis.

BHAGAVAN DAS

DEATH TO LIFE

[**Shrimati Lila Ray** is an esteemed contributor whose essays have from time to time adorned our pages. Here she writes on the vexed problem of Death and Suffering, a thoughtful and thought-provoking article. Though a universal experience, study of and meditation on Death is considered fruitless —it is held to be an unsolvable mystery. Pain, again a universal experience, is a subject of much talk, mostly irrelevant. Both have been explained and a full understanding of them can be had ; it is but necessary to look in the right place.—ED.]

Bereavement is bitter. Death presents us with a dilemma. Because it is such an inescapable fact of life we are ultimately compelled to define our attitude toward it either in our thoughts or by our actions. Actions disclose attitudes. We cannot postpone definition forever. Death itself is definitive, as definitive as birth. "At the hour of death," writes Gide in his *Diary,* "we shall be reflected in the past, and, leaning over the mirror of our acts, our souls will recognize what we are." A time comes when death confronts us, inexorable, inexplicable, baffling, inevitable. Upon the way we meet it depends whether our death is the crown or shame of our life. Because it need not bring shame with it Diogenes did not consider it an evil. And Sophocles warned us to see the end of life before we count anyone blest. Does the wise man die like the fool? Both die certainly, but not necessarily in the same way.

Death that brings shame with it brings double bereavement. We are bereaved not only of the company of those we love but of their esteem. A double death. Bereavement is not bitter where separation is not painful. Sometimes it even brings a joyous sense of relief, of release. When the bonds which bereavement breaks are not bonds of love, where there is no tenderness, where there is a lack of affection or compassion, death is welcome. Death may even be sought. It has no terrors. *Death* is not bereavement where there is no affection.

Death is terrible to us primarily because it removes us from places and people which are dear to us. The unavoidable separation is painful. Physical pain is less unrelenting. It has an end. The average person faces it many times in the course of a lifetime, and modern medical science has effective means of giving us relief. There are anæsthetics for the fortunate. What relief do we have from the emotional suffering involved in the loss of a beloved person? The pain has no end; we only become habituated to its presence. When an orphaned child cries for its father, or a mother

grieves for her child, we are dumb with helpless sorrow. We fear death because of the hardship it brings to the heart.

What are the possible attitudes? Rejection? Acceptance? Evasion? Rejection takes many forms, more unconscious than conscious ones. The blind, unreasoning terror of an animal is one extreme and the eager adoption by sects like the Sufis of a doctrine of death-in-life is the other. What is inevitable cannot be rejected or evaded. There is no escape. This is why the attitude of the Stoics includes an element of despair. Death is accepted in desperation. Psychological anæsthetics have been sought down the ages. The most widely used, historically, is the cultivation of an aversion to the world. Have we not been taught that the day of death is better than the day of birth? A deep disgust for the physical life of the world has been carefully nurtured. Is this not fear therapy? At the root of it and other devices is a threefold dread, the dread of the physical pain involved in death, the dread of the emotional pain of separation from persons and things we love and the dread of the unknown to which we are dragged willy-nilly. Deny it as much as we like, we all rejoice in the light and the air, in the skies and the waters, in fruits and flowers, in birds and in creeping, walking, swimming, jumping, running creatures. Last but not least, we rejoice in human companionship. The thought of losing it all is frightening.

Can we, by eliminating affection, by exiling love and delight from our lives, eliminate this dread? Is this the premise that has prompted monks and nuns to sever ties of home and family and leave the world? What is meant by the world, if not love? To them the ties of affection are fetters. They themselves adopt, and urge upon others, a policy of detachment. The contemporary ideal of a man "completely disengaged and uncommitted" as envisioned by Gide in his *Homme disponsible* and Robert Musil in his *Mann ohne Eigenschaften* takes its rise in the same fear. Certain intellectuals today preach non-commitment with the same fervour with which mediæval monks preached asceticism. Asceticism has gone out of fashion but sex relationships have tended to become casual. People evade responsibility for what they do. The modern man is irresponsible, seeking pleasure for selfish purposes. It is, as the Bengali proverb suggests, trying to catch fish without touching water. The good he seeks eludes him and he loses all round, without even knowing what it is he is losing. In his frustration and ignorance he decries the good and seeks absolution in cynicism. He succeeds only in making the worst of all worlds. The egoist mistakes the selfish evasion

of responsibility for self-mastery. He is afraid to give; for, in the act of giving, we surrender our hearts as hostages and the pain of it is too great. It is indeed unbearable but it is also inescapable. By self-mastery is meant something very different from the egoist's definition. If detachment means heartlessness, suffering is preferable. Even fear is preferable. Life is animated by the fires of affection. Nature is neither detached, nor cold, nor mechanical. She hovers anxiously over every flower that buds into blossom, every star that bursts into light. Without warmth there can be no life.

How then can fear of death be overcome? Fear of death is fear of pain. Our attitude towards death depends upon our attitude towards pain. If, like an ascetic, we are so afraid of pain that we kill our sensibility because sensibility is the source of pain, we shall lose more than we gain. Suffering terrifies the ascetic. So he does away, not with his terror, but with the source of suffering. And that source is the marvellous and mysterious warmth that, in the delicacy of its response to the stimuli of our surroundings, is the proof and measure of our existence and its intensity.

Greater strength of spirit and more heroism are required to face and accept the necessity and inevitability of pain. To kill sensibility in order to avoid the necessity of suffering is not only cowardly and the resource of the weak in spirit, but an act which precludes the possibility of achieving a rekindling of life on any plane; for a fire that has been extinguished cannot warm. An irreparable loss is the loss of the warmth which is the indispensable ingredient of all life.

If fear of death is fear of pain we can overcome the former by overcoming the fear of pain. If we can learn to suffer gladly because life is sentient and not to be sentient is to deny life, we shall be able to rejoice in our capacity for feeling both joy and sorrow and we shall, in so doing, set ourselves more surely free than any ascetic has ever been. Gandhi taught us that the law of suffering is the one indispensable condition of our being. We can, he said, even measure our progress by the amount of suffering undergone. Suffering is associated with the effort necessary to the achievement of something considered valuable. If we are, in fact, trapped, like a pregnant woman, in a situation from which there is no escape except through pain, we can learn to lead our captivity captive by welcoming it, seeming to bear it lightly. "Turn your fetters into footholds," said Rumi. St. Francis writes in the *Fioretti*:—

> Above all the Graces and all the Gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ grants to His friends, is the grace of overcoming oneself, and accepting willingly, out of love to Christ, sufferings, injuries, discomforts and contempt.

So the expectant mother accepts, out of love for her babe, the suffering of childbirth. The wise woman is she who makes intelligent and economic use of her pain to shorten the inevitable agony. Death and birth are two parts of a single process which begins in agony and ends in deliverance. The woman whose will and strength enable her to control and utilize her reactions to set the new life within her safely free is rewarded with a great and wondrous joy, the joy of being a co-worker of the divine in the creative process, of being in partnership with God. It is the proud privilege of woman to prove on her body the purpose of pain. She knows its value. That by means of which a thing is terrible is that by means of which a thing loses its terror. The pain of which we are so much afraid is the means of our liberation. And not only ours. In setting us free it brings new life into being, our own life in a new form, a new being. Life is reborn through the power of love after learning the extinction of death. Our progress lies through death, says Rilke and adds that renunciation is the price of vision. For only renunciation for love can give us the required endurance and strength.

Death, says Heidegger, is our salvation from bondage because it makes us strip ourselves of all illusions, talk, curiosity, ambiguity. It reveals to us what constitutes our life. Through it we are forced to realize ourselves as individuals, for, in face of death, each is alone, unaided. And, because it is so, we pass, according to him, through death from an unauthentic to an authentic existence. Perhaps it was something of the sort that Goethe had in mind when he described Iphigenie as

> one of those sweet creatures who have accumulated an infinite amount of moral energy, partly because, having touched death, they have received the Eternal into their hearts forever and are dead to the world, to the material and superficial world. Their lack of joy in life is alone capable of bringing back both joy and life to a languishing and disheartened world.

And Blake's Jesus replies to Albion:—

> Would thou love one who never died for thee or ever die for one who had not lived for thee? And if God dieth not for Man and giveth not Himself eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is love as God is love.

Like the mother we must accept pain for the sake of love. Were it not for love there would be no pain.

The sage who is immortal, unassailable, and who is endowed with the magical power of creation, remains, like the mother, in contact with individual human life, responding to the call of creatures. The greatest of all the sacrifices an enlightened one makes is the sacrifice of heaven itself, for he refuses to enter in until the last and the least and the weakest of creatures has gone before him. One is not, in the cosmic refuge, alone. One cannot save one-

self from adverse experience by isolation. Our safety lies in union with the whole.

The *Vimalakirti Sutra* teaches us that Samsara *is* Nirvana. Life is suffering, suffering from which we cannot escape without destroying life. There is no beauty, no bliss, no rest, apart from it. "But from my heart," protests Dante, "love does not draw the thorn of pain that living I shall ever bear, though I should live forever." Here also we perceive the secret of the cross of Christ. Christ crossed out suffering in his crucifixion. Nirvana is achieved if we can accept suffering, and in identifying ourselves with the pain of all creatures see in this identification the heaven we seek. Psychologically it is just as important as joy, even as the fact of death is as important as the fact of birth. Both are integral parts of life.

The man who sees life—and death—steadily and whole is the authentic man. All men are fearful but the authentic man looks his fear in the face and asserts himself against it. Such a man was Rilke. The unauthentic hides from his fear and his despair and shrinks from the responsibility of overcoming it. The measure of a man like Malraux is in his readiness to take on the burden of other people's ills rather than in his failure to find a cure. The greatest of all Teachers is he who receives the gifts of the spirit but does not depart from earth, knowing how to knot the thread of understanding. His usefulness exceeds that of all others.

Love is a miracle whenever and wherever it occurs. It is a new birth, wonderful in itself, the act of transformation through which Nature continually renews herself, maintaining her immortality. To deny it is to deny God. To accept it is to accept pain. The antinomy of pain, like the antinomy of evil, finds its solution in spiritual experience. Death, like birth, can be life's crown. In all mystery rituals death symbolizes renewal. The real name of the *Book of the Dead* is *Coming Forth in the Name.*

LILA RAY

FROM THE TALL FACTORY CHIMNEYS

[The inarticulateness of most factory workers, mentioned by **Mr. R. M. Fox** in this article, makes the more important the rôle of their spokesmen such as he. Mr. Fox is the author of several volumes, including works on the Irish Revolution as well as *Factory Echoes and Other Sketches* and *The Triumphant Machine.* His books rest on first-hand experience.—ED.]

It is a curious fact that while sailors, peasants, miners, tramps and wandering workers have contributed a sizeable quota to the poor-man literature of the world, the factory worker has remained comparatively inarticulate. This is the more remarkable when one reflects on the importance of the factory plants to modern civilization and on the millions of factory workers pouring in and out of their gates daily in response to the whistles. The men who can bend and shape the toughest metal to a delicacy almost beyond belief apparently cannot bend words to express their distinctive thought or feeling.

Yet the factory stands today in the same vital relation to society as the cathedral did in the Middle Ages. It is the centre and symbol of the power-driven industry to which we are all in varying degrees geared. So one might imagine that the factory worker would have plenty to say. My own belief is that it is largely a matter of horizons. To stand in front of a machine with eyes and mind fixed on a whirring, clattering tool that is boring a hole in metal is not really a stimulating experience. Nor does it help much to remove one's gaze to a dirty patch of whitewashed wall or to a small window through which one can see the sky growing gradually darker as if ink were being poured into it; nor even to watch the black, shining leather belts gliding snake-like over the pulleys from floor to ceiling amid a medley of turning wheels.

To write—unless one cultivates the stuffed owl of philosophy—one needs pictures in the mind. The sailor, the roustabout, the open-air worker, even the driver perched on the high front seat of his van—whom I used to envy—has far more contact with the life around him than has the factory worker, tied to routine, repetitive work in which speed alone counts. Such work is mind-deadening, brain-crushing; it imposes such severe limitations that the machine-minder is bound to feel empty and discontented at his less than human status. When Leon Trotsky said that the peasant had to be boiled in the factory pot before he would make a revolution, he was explaining not merely the process but the reason for factory

discontent. One can be sad or sombre, even sick to the soul over hardships, cruelties and wrongs but explosive discontent arises from human frustration, just as the explosion in a combustion engine is the result of pressure in a confined space. Frustration and literary expression cannot go together, for they are mutually exclusive.

Joseph Conrad once remarked that in all his years of sea-going he had never met one of his land-locked Polish countrymen working on a ship. And during my years of industrial servitude I cannot recall having met anyone with any desire for literary expression. As a rule in the workshop they looked with disfavour on the idea of reading anything other than the sports page of a newspaper. A few might find solace in a Nat Gould racing story or a thriller by Edgar Wallace. I once tested a Nat Gould fan with Jack London's *White Fang*, thinking that if he liked horses it would not be such a great transition to dogs. But the Cockney recipient viewed it with disfavour, remarking that it was "orl abarht a dawg."

Why, then, did I want to read and to write? This has always been a puzzle. It is true that my grandfather, Michael Rathmell, a butter merchant who had come from Ireland and settled in Leeds, produced a slim volume of verse called *Autumn Leaves*. I never knew the old man, though my mother told me about him. He died of cancer of the throat and, in a vain attempt to save his life, his tongue was removed. He wrote a gently whimsical poem about this in which he termed his tongue "that unruly member," needing to be silenced. His humour was quiet, not at all macabre, more in the spirit of Robert Burns's rueful folk verse. My mother was headmistress of a school in rural Yorkshire before her marriage but she had no literary bent. Later I hoped that I might have some of that Yorkshire-Irish feeling for writing which flowered so brilliantly in the Brontës and belongs by right to the Irish bogs and the Yorkshire moors. But such a thought never entered my head in the factory days when I was struggling for self-expression.

On my father's side I could not claim even so tenuous a literary heritage. My father was the son of a drunken waster whose custom it was to stagger home on a Saturday night and, with a sweep of the arm, clear ornaments from the mantelpiece or crockery from the table. My grandmother died young and my father was brought up by an aunt in Leeds. He belonged to the years of the factory half-timers and has told me how, after working from early morning in an ink factory, he would fall asleep in the afternoon at school with his head on his desk. But he grew up to be a clever

mechanic with several small inventions to his credit. He was a racy talker and a good letter writer.

I cannot, therefore, blame my grandfather for infecting me with the literary disease. And indeed I wrote under such difficulties that I have never been tempted to become over-literary. When one has little time or energy to spare, the matter is always more important than the manner. My earliest writing took the form of verse hastily scribbled in a workshop notebook alongside of particulars of the times allowed for various machine operations, times worked out carefully by the rate-fixers to half-minutes. My clumsy verses had the workshop beat or rhythm and, though deservedly forgotten, one of them did appear in an anthology of Labour Verse published in America.

When I escaped from the factory cage by means of a scholarship to Ruskin College, Oxford, I was able to stand back and view modern mass production objectively. I wrote a piece called "Factory Life" in which I tried to present the salient features of the industrial plant and the manner in which industrial workers are compelled to function as part of the mechanism of production, as living machine handles, robots, trained by motion study and perfected by high-speed methods. Consequently the factory workers are robbed of personality, of all those attributes which might interfere with rapid production. In the current controversies of democracy *versus* dictatorship little thought has been given to the industrial conditions which cause masses of men to obey those dictators who provide an escape for their sullen discontent with a non-human status.

It is in the workshop that repression, and resentment against repression, begins. Humanity naturally recoils from being ironed out flat. So there is a conflict of power which is not directly concerned with any question of morality or ethics. I expressed this in my "Factory Life" article in these terms:—

> The throb of the engine, the whir of the machine, the rasp of the file, teach the one lesson—Power. It all seems to say "We are down because we are weak. We shall get up when we are strong. No sentiment, no morality, no idealism—just power opposing power."

How far this factory psychology has been responsible for Nazism or for the harsh social conflicts of the modern world it is difficult to determine. But it is a neglected factor.

On the eve of the civil war in Ireland, I said farewell to British industrial civilization and crossed to Dublin. Here, in spite of the morass of tenement poverty, I found a vivid sense of individuality, perhaps too much. These people were certainly not like tooth-paste squeezed out of a tube. Not working to a set pattern, they cut fantastic ar-

abesques. In Delia Larkin's flat in Mountjoy Square I first met Sean O'Casey, whose mind was even then seething with the drama of Dublin tenement squalor and humour. O'Casey took me along to the Fowler Hall in Parnell Square, then the headquarters of the Orange Lodge in Dublin. At the time of our visit it had been taken over by a Republican group to house Catholic refugees from the shipyards of Belfast. A huge green, white and gold tricolour billowed down from an upper window. As we stood on the steps O'Casey told me that the Commandant was a friend of his and we could go over the building. But repeated knocks brought no response.

All at once I heard the sharp clatter of the letter-box lid being raised. Stooping, I peered through and found myself looking down the barrel of a revolver resting on the edge of the box. Alongside it was a steady eye. Finally, after some parleying, the door was unbolted and we squeezed through a narrow aperture. Across the hallway a man was lying behind a pile of sandbags with his rifle at the ready. We stepped over and went upstairs. The room we entered had been roughly partitioned with blankets to form a double row of cubicles, with a passage down the centre, to accommodate women, children and old people, evacuated from the North. As I went along, each huddled family group told me grim stories of narrow escapes. All the time I was conscious of the disapproving stares of Lord Carson, Queen Victoria and various Orange notables who from their massive picture frames gazed down glassily, just as they had done when the Orange Lodge had been in undisputed possession.

When I had heard all the stories, Sean O'Casey informed me that the Commandant wanted me to promise that I would not write about what I had seen without showing him the copy first. I could not understand this because there was nothing in the pitiful tales of these refugees that called for his censorship. I said as much to O'Casey.

"Ah, yes," was his response, "that's all right, but, you see, they have a store of ammunition in the basement and expect attack at any moment!"

This explained the letter-box incident and the general state of alertness. Yet I could not help feeling sorry for the refugees resting precariously over the ammunition store.

After leaving the building we went across the road and watched the proceedings at a Sinn Fein Court which—under British law—was, of course, illegal. The court was crowded and lawyers of every shade of political opinion attended. It was

no use going to the British courts, as they were empty.

Returning to London I went to the 1917 Club where I had arranged to meet H. W. Nevinson. While waiting I listened to an East End Councillor, John Scurr, arguing the case for pacifism. Nevinson strode in, a tall, handsome figure, and Scurr appealed to him for support.

"I am a man of war!" cried Nevinson, flinging off his cloak with a sweeping gesture. He added that every time he crossed the Irish Sea and landed at Kingstown he felt a subtle change from his matter-of-fact, ordinary self.

"You will never land at Kingstown again!" said Scurr, ominously. For a moment Nevinson looked startled. Then he laughed. "I forgot for the moment. It is Dun Laoghaire now, isn't it?"

These years of conflict in Dublin gave O'Casey rich material for his tenement plays. For myself it was certainly a contrast to the factory years. I noted the feeling of vitality and excitement in the faces of the people such as was evident later in England during the Battle of Britain. And I wondered, not for the first time, if it would not be possible to get something of that sense of adventure into industrial life. But this is not possible so long as the workers are regarded merely as hands or handles.

R. M. Fox

COMICS AND HORRORS

The question of horror and crime "comics" has been brought up once again by investigators into juvenile delinquency. *The New York Times* of June 13th reports on the questions before a Senate Judiciary Sub-committee headed by Senator Robert C. Hendrickson. Among the opinions this committee has encountered is one expressed by a publisher: "The truth is that delinquency is a product of the real environment in which a child lives, and not of the fiction he reads." The last part is dangerously untrue.

And we must not look only for direct connections between the reading of horror "comics" and specific acts of delinquency. We must think also of the slow coarsening of mind which surely follows the dwelling on such images as "he-men" and their doings as the "comics" present them and which must intangibly produce its unlovely results in many other directions. Besides these urgent major problems it may seem frivolous to mention the effect of "comics" on language and reading ability; yet this, too, is important. The language, even of "comics" that are not downright horror-mongering or pornographic, is usually crude and ungrammatical, quite inadequate to express any really mature ideas. A child who takes to this idiom has raised for itself a serious obstacle to mental growth.

Finally, to add to a deep moral and educational indictment a purely literary count: it is dreadful to see a child deprived of the glorious revelation of *reading* a real classic, in clear print, by the "classic comic" with its ruined dialogue and worse.

G. R. C.

THE SELF-RENEWAL OF CIVILIZATION

[**Shri M. A. Venkata Rao**, former Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the Maharani's College, Bangalore, offers here in the ancient Indian scheme of society a prescription for ensuring the saving of our present civilization from the decline which has overtaken civilizations in the past. The life of a civilization, like that of a person, may be prolonged, but any civilization and its body, the State, must ultimately die to make room for their successors. It is the individual Human Soul that grows as the great flower of spiritual evolution. It is said: "On the mental steps of a million men Buddha passed through the Gates of Gold."—ED.]

To realize that modern civilization is not the crown of all past civilizations but only one among the numerous experiments of man in the historical laboratory of culture is the beginning of wisdom in social thought. Professor Toynbee considers 21 major civilizations of which history has some record. Spengler considers a smaller number for the purposes of his reflections on the career of civilizations —the Egyptian, the Græco-Roman, the Magian, the Indian and the Chinese. Theosophy extends the panorama to vast periods of prehistory from which a core of saving knowledge has been preserved and handed on to historic civilizations. It is clear that the evolution of culture is not in the nature of linear progress. Spengler's point of view that each major, fully formed culture or civilization has an organic career of its own with well-marked phases of formation, growth and decline, is a fertile hypothesis.

The most urgent problem today is to discover how the present civilization, which in some 800 years has had a full career and seems now to be destroying itself, can renew itself.

Spengler offers no hope of the possibility of escaping the doom to which civilization seems to be subject. But it should be possible to extract from an analysis of historic social systems vital ideas that will give clues to how our civilization can survive and assure for itself a future of stability if not of continuous progress.

Nowhere are such clues more clear and more convincing, if freed from defective traditional interpretation, than in the *sanatana dharma* (eternal wisdom) of India.

The collapse of civilization, whether catastrophic or gradual, is ultimately traceable to the loss of the vision of truth and to moral failure.

The influence of Marxism today flows from the partial truth it embodies, namely, that the ruling classes everywhere employ truth as

a handmaid to subserve their class interests and block the road of progress for the submerged populations.

The peril facing current civilization stems from two sources. One is the inability of liberal democracy as developed since the French Revolution to see the inadequacy of political equality and of parliamentary institutions to assure by themselves the conditions of the good life for the underprivileged. Militant trade unions, with their ideology of irreconcilable class war, are the natural result of the failure in insight of the democratic rulers in the present world. The second source of the crisis is the opposite extreme of regarding the truth of Communism as absolute and final. There has been little effort by social thinkers on either side to rise above class interest so as to envisage the elements of value in both doctrines in the disinterested spirit of truth. The scientific attitude so loudly proclaimed is absent from social thinking.

The social teaching of *sanatana dharma* shows a way out of this difficulty. What is lacking is a class of people set apart in society to pursue truth for its own sake. Society in the ancient scheme respected and supported such a class of truth-seekers, the best of whom would become Seers and Sages.

Present-day investigation and scholarship seem to show an unprecedented love of truth in the educated classes. But the truth that *sanatana dharma* has in view is ultimate truth, not particular masses of facts in the several sciences. Narada is represented as having become a master of all the sciences and arts in existence—the four Vedas, astronomy, animal lore, language and grammar, economics and politics. But still he was not satisfied. He sought instruction from Sanatkumara and learnt from him the higher knowledge of *Atma* or *Brahma-vidya*, in the light of which his previous lower learning —the *apara-vidya*—acquired vital meaning. The prevalence of devotion to a variety of sciences and technologies is not enough for social pilotage. The sciences have to be pursued in the spirit of ultimate philosophy, and all partial truths related to the whole of reality.

This is what Plato had in mind in prescribing a training in dialectic over and above the particular sciences for his "guardians." This Platonic insight is identical with that of Indian thought, which holds that rulers should be *Rishis* like King Janaka of old, representing not their own class of *Kshatriyas* but the highest interests of all. Hegel points out (though not with reference to Indian thought) that the true meaning of a "classless society" is: one ruled by a class without class interest or, rather, by

one that sees its own interest in the harmony of the interests of all classes.

The class of *Rishis, Brahmanas, Sanyasis,* was expected in the *sanatana dharma* to devote itself entirely to the discovery of truth in a synoptic spirit, to harmonize or synthesize the conflicts of religions, sciences, arts, classes, dogmas, politics and economics. Their function in society was analogous to that of the flywheel in the machinery with which it operates.

A civilization may exhaust its capital of truth after an epoch of triumph and achievement. But, Spengler to the contrary notwithstanding, civilizations need not perish, like mortals, of old age. For the social organism is not completely parallel to the physical. The members of society are spiritual beings in whom the vision of the universal organism can become consciously incarnate.

A class of truth-seekers not warped by national, class, economic, religious, dynastic or personal interests has the rôle of opening new vistas of truth, gaining new visions of possible perfection. Today such a class, if recognized and allowed to rise to the height of its stature, should be able to offer a new synthesis of the truths of nationalism and internationalism, of the great religious systems, Eastern and Western, of Marxism and Liberalism and of the other pairs of extremes troubling the world-mind. The larger truth living in their personalities and issuing powerfully in their expositions and advice would have a compelling power. It is only in this way that civilizations can escape the mortal lot of individuals.

Many thinkers are today turning in this direction for hope. Henri Bergson was persuaded that the best mystics might become vehicles of the *élan vital* and carry the race to the next higher level of universality in social life and morality. They would gather a band of like-minded men who would devote themselves to piloting the ship of humanity. Professor Toynbee points to the lesson of past civilizations in which, time and again, a "creative minority" emerged to help them tide over a hard time. In India Gandhism fostered the creative minority that won national independence. But today the field of truth has to embrace the world as a whole.

The second insight of *sanatana dharma* or ancient Indian social philosophy concerns the way in which such devotion to truth is to be achieved by individuals. It requires wholeheartedness, single-mindedness, purity of aspiration, freedom from divided ambitions. Such traits cannot be developed if the whole of society is pervaded by worldly ambitions. The conviction of Plato that, in the long run, only a perfectly

ordered society could foster perfect individuals is endorsed by Indian social thought and is incorporated in its ideal social institutions. To foster a leading class of persons who will find their deepest satisfaction in the pursuit of truth and its realization in society, the whole structure and spirit of society needs to be permeated with the spirit of truth and righteousness.

Two grades or levels of *dharma* or righteous living are recognized in Indian thought—*pravritti dharma* and *nivritti dharma*, which may be broadly characterized as the way of pursuit and the way of liberation. Like Plato's "guardians," the leading class in society will pursue the *nivritti marga*, the higher spiritual way, the way of disinterested service. Like Plato's "guardians," again, they will put aside all thought of personal pleasure but will take joy in the service of society and the contemplation of truth. Some of them will be full *sanyasis* (ascetics) without a family of their own and some will be householders living in the spirit of *sanyas*. Even Vasishtha, who lived a married life, is reported once to have claimed to be a *nitya brahmachari*.

The genuine pursuit of the higher life, in its intellectual, emotional and practical spheres—science and philosophy, art and religion, family and State life—is accompanied by full satisfaction. The leading class will have their minds and imaginations occupied and held by the satisfactions of truth and beauty and righteousness. It will be natural and easy for them therefore to resist the solicitations of sense and egoism and to maintain self-control.

As for the question how such a class is to be found, Indian sociology endorses the Platonic answer that it will be forthcoming if the psychological climate of ordinary life favours its growth. Society will get the leaders it deserves. If it honours millionaires more than thinkers, it will obtain a plethora of millionaires. If it honours soldiers more than others, it will be ruled by soldiers, and so on. If only one standard prevails throughout society, the aim of "getting on," of wealth and conspicuous consumption, as described by the American sociologist Thorstein Veblen, all superior, energetic persons will pursue this goal, irrespective of their divergent talents and endowments. This pouring of divergent capacities into the same dominant channel of salesmanship, "delivering the goods," etc. is corrupting the present acquisitive society. Those with a love of truth are not finding the opportunities or the prestige which their rôle in society demands.

Hence Indian thought has recommended a pluralist system of social ideals. Different classes should advance along the line of their own

inherent genius and fulfil themselves by divergent paths or vocations. The highest class is that devoted to truth—cosmic, universal, eternal—which is above all finitude. The next administrative and military class, corresponding to Plato's "guardians," will find their highest good and satisfaction in the translation of truth into law and practice and the rules of social behaviour.

This scheme will maintain a certain demarcation between different functional groups, so that different vocational ideals can prevail therein without causing frustrating imitation of one group by another. And there will be the added advantage that corruption in one group will not automatically spread to others.

Such a class of truth-seekers was expected in India to maintain itself on alms received or in pastoral and agricultural settlements in the forests called *tapovanas* or *ashramas*. This *ashrama* ideal is one of the greatest contributions of Indian culture and civilization to human thought and progress. It can be realized today through contributions and endowments, in modern terms, if the contributors refrain from calling the tune. Modern societies have accepted old-age pensions for workers. It would not be difficult similarly to provide for the material needs of truth-seekers. If their function is recognized, their maintenance will follow spontaneously. Modern society needs to put the highest class of synoptic thinkers and rulers first in the ladder of rank and precedence. They will best serve society by devoting themselves primarily to truth. Even *sanyasis* who do nothing but contemplate will exert a healthy influence by showing by example that this life's values are not all.

To ensure the prevalence of this ideal, the Indian lawgivers so regulated the lower stages or levels of worldly life as to prepare the ordinary member of society to advance, in and through the process of decent living, to the higher way. *Pravritti marga* or the way of pursuit is charted in such a way as to facilitate the gradual incorporation in life of the higher universal values of the spirit. To this end, they laid it down that *Kshatriyas* and *Vaishyas*, administrators and traders, should pursue their calling in accordance with *dharma*. Also, study and contemplation are enjoined on all of them, though only the Brahmanas will devote themselves wholly to these pursuits.

If an element of science and contemplation is included in the daily life of administrators, traders, industrialists, artisans and workers—as we may extend the scheme now to these last—they will be enabled to recognize the value of persons in whom truth speaks with an unequivocal voice. The limitation of

wants and the pursuit of desires within the limits of *dharma* as well as the practice of some study and contemplation as a part of the daily routine in addition to the vocational work will spiritualize the social climate.

Such a society will respond spontaneously to spiritual ideals and leaders. Only such a society will enable the philosophers or sages to rule or to influence rulers in the right direction. The central problem that exercised the great mind of Plato, namely, how to enable truth-seekers and Sages to acquire prestige and power in society and the State, has been solved in principle in the Indian social scheme: Sages will *not seek* power but society will be so organized as to facilitate the discovery and recognition of them when they appear. And a course of discipline is laid down both for Sages and ordinary persons.

The Indian scheme of *varna* (which it would be preferable to call *varga* now to avoid misunderstanding) *ashrama dharma* contains the creative secret of the Phœnix of civilization arising from its own ashes ready for a fresh career. It will also, if applied betimes, halt the process of decay and enable our civilization to redirect its energies towards renewal and recovery.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

THOREAU

"Aspects of attachment, detachment, and non-attachment variously contribute, without one being predominant, to the kaleidoscopic complexity of both his life and writings," says Winfield Nagley in his article "Thoreau on Attachment, Detachment and Non-Attachment" in *Philosophy East and West* (January 1954). Mr. Nagley defines the key terms thus:—

> "Attachment" designates a preoccupation with and pursuit of goals and values which are purely temporal in character. "Detachment" refers to a complete withdrawal from the pursuit of temporal goals and values as a result of the conviction that they are ontologically unreal and are the source of suffering and frustration. "Non-attachment" connotes attainment of a transcendent evenness of mind which enables one to participate in the temporal process without attachment.

He says that Thoreau was never completely non-attached. He practised detachment at various times but the conflict between the desire to act significantly and the longing for serenity of mind was almost ever-present. Even during his retirement at Walden, he was attached to the ideal of uprooting "all that was not life." In his attitude toward government, his detachment from participating in its functioning was underlaid with an attachment to the principles he believed it should guarantee.

It is doubtful whether most people will agree with Mr. Nagley's view-point. His application of the key terms to Thoreau's life and works is rather arbitrary.

FAITH AND SCEPTICISM IN ENGLISH POETRY

DONNE AND BAUDELAIRE

[The history of ideas is a fascinating field study, revealing affinities between minds as different to all seeming as John Donne, the "God-struggler," and the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*. It is, however, not always easy to catch in yesterday's idiom the echo of a truth now differently formulated, though it be really neither of yesterday nor of today but timeless. Such a study as this by **Mr. Neville Braybrooke**, the Editor of *The Wind and the Rain*, can help us.—ED.]

Decisions are often made by pins; alternatives offer, a beginning must be made, and a meaning is pricked. "I do not set my life at a pin's fee" might well be the motto for any literary critic. For although there have always been critics of life, literary criticism is a comparatively recent development, a 19th-century legacy. Hamlet seriously weighs mortality, but "when honour's at the stake" he deems it worth the pricking off. This is Shakespeare's view—the man who never blotted a line. But how different from Ben Jonson or Milton, Pope, Wordsworth or Yeats! For all these were poets with an awareness of their historical position. If they invoked their Muse, they also asked themselves about their contemporary poetic task. They became acutely conscious of the past. *Paradise Lost* is a second choice; an epic on King Arthur is abandoned because its theme is that of Æneas. Virgil is no longer a source book of plots; he becomes an "influence." That influence is apparent in the work of all the "Metaphysicals." John Donne may not have written like Virgil, but without Virgil's "influence" Donne could never have written as he did; nor could Charles Baudelaire, two centuries later. And this is where I picked up my pin...

In "*La Mort des Amants*," Baudelaire sees two lovers whose hearts have become twin mirrors that reflect their burning adoration:—

> Nos deux cœurs seront deux vastes flambeaux
> Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières
> Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux.

In "A Valediction: of Weeping," Donne pleads:—

> Let me poure forth
> My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
> For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
> And by this Mintage they are something worth, . . .

In each case whether the mirror is the minds of the lovers or the tears, the external signs of the emotion enhance its value and prolong the effect. For in Donne and Baudelaire the idea of duality re-

ceives its finest poetic treatment; the work of each is an exercise in "the similarity of dissimilars." Yet here the comparison ends. Donne, and his followers in the 17th century, chose mathematics to express their love poetry whereas Baudelaire, in the 19th, employed metals, perfumes and religious imagery. The geometry in Donne's "The Extasie" by which:—

> Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
> Our eyes, upon one double string;

became two centuries later "*Je croyais le parfum de ton sang.*" By the time of Baudelaire mathematics was a spent force as imagery; the poet instead turned his attention to the city, to Paris with its wide boulevards designed to hinder revolutionary enterprise, its all-night *estaminets*, its small theatres with their yellow, tapering *becs de gaz*. His music is that of a falling world: evil is abroad and redemption is an unknown hope.

In contrast Donne's vision "Of the Progresse of the Soule" (ii), pictures only in part a fallen world. That is the one certainty, because elsewhere:—

> ...Have not all soules thought
> For many ages, that our body is wrought
> Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements?
> And now they thinke of new ingredients,
> And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
> Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.

Poets of the 16th and 17th centuries no longer had a metaphysic like that of Thomas Aquinas to fall back upon; and Donne, perhaps more than his followers, sensed disintegration rather than harmony. With the new sciences they contended, each in his turn, with Copernicus, Galileo, Vesalius. As best they might, Donne, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Richard Crashaw, Abraham Cowley and Andrew Marvell attempted to fashion the religious metaphysic they inherited—Catholic or Anglican; they tried, in a world beginning to fall apart, to hold hard to their hearts, to fit the new knowledge to the holiness of their own feelings.

> As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
> Themselves in every Angle greet:
> But ours so truly *Parallel*,
> Though infinite can never meet,

sings Marvell of his Mistress, in "The Definition of Love"; while Herbert cries in his "Affliction":—

> Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,
> Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

The paradox, "the similarity of dissimilars," became central to the style. What had been ideas only voiced on the periphery of society became the mainstays of Court conversation, so that in its poetry one finds a reflection of English high society. Donne hovered between Catholicism and Anglicanism, his loyalties clash and divide, and there is a constant split in his work. Of his contemporaries he was the most wracked. Yet outwardly society was at peace. This was England's golden age as a country of the arts. Her manor houses proclaim it to this day, and one learns of Colonel John Hutchinson (1616-64) that the

martial drum was not his only music; his wife's memoirs declare that he was an incomparable fingerer of the lute.

The divisions between the Cavaliers, the Roundheads and the Puritans were not so sharp as they are often made out. Theirs was a cross of swords rather than of ideas, since retrospectively one can see that the cleavage was brought about by the Reformation. Their dilemma was basically religious.

If Wisdom enlighten thy way, all the outgoings of thy soul into things and all the appearance of things to thy soul will be like a sweet tune or pleasant dance.

These are the words of Cromwell's favourite Puritan divine, Peter Sterry. They are sentiments echoed repeatedly by the Metaphysicals:—

My music shows ye have your closes
And all must die.

In 1642 Cromwell's chaplain, Thomas Goodwin, published a devotional book about the Sacred Heart entitled *The Heart of Christ in Heaven towards Sinners on Earth.* In it he demonstrated "the Gracious disposition and tender Affection of Christ in His Human Nature, now in Glory, unto his Members, under all sorts of Infirmities, either of Sin or Misery."

In 1646 in his "Religion" Vaughan was writing

My God, when I walke in those groves
And leaves thy Spirit doth still fan
I see in each shade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man....

In Abr'ham's Tent with winged guests
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Until the Coole, and shady Even;...

The poet wanted to inspire communion and faith in true Religion, to restore anew between man and Christ the "tender Affection" that had been lost. For somehow, as time had run on, the "secret, golden Mine" from which divine communication had been possible, had fallen out of use. For in "Passing through the Earth's darke veines" the pure waters of Religion had turned from better unto worse because the earth through which the water had to pass had become "a tainted sink"; and here one has the clue that united the Metaphysical dilemma with the Puritan.

Neither Sterry nor Goodwin nor a good many other Puritans were at all the harsh, legalistic terrorists of religion which they have been painted; rather their teaching was spiritual and tender, loving and mystical. They genuinely believed that people could be good and happy and, like the Metaphysicals, they accepted the doctrine of the Fall.

Also, like the Metaphysicals, they wanted religious belief to be individualistic; and, in this, both sides were excessive. They found a defence for their individualistic position by recalling the dissolution of the monasteries and the corruption of the mediæval Church. If their excessiveness did not lead them to spiritual isolationism, then it mani-

fested itself in attacks on "the Roman Antichrist," in wiping out all traces of Mariology, in smashing stained-glass windows, in fasting on Christmas Day. Yet the spirituality that the divines who followed Laud taught was substantially what was being taught by Catholic priests abroad. Goodwin's book about the Sacred Heart had been preceded nine years earlier by the French Jesuit Fr. St. Jure's *Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ.* The cleavage between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads and the Puritans was a division which automatically became doubled because of the break first caused by Henry VIII between himself and Rome. By Queen Elizabeth's middle reign, Anglicanism had come into its own.

Throughout the first part of the 17th century the Anglican Church influence prevailed in England and, in establishing a new religion for Englishmen, it gradually disestablished itself, the water from the "tainted sink" growing muddier until, by the end of the 18th century, religion in England was at its lowest ebb. So, too, was metaphysics. For here I take up my pin once more. I have a volume of Sydney Smith's letters before me. My pin falls on one written to Lady Holland, dated 1808:—

> I take the liberty to send you two brace of grouse, curious because killed by a Scotch metaphysician; in other and better language they are mere ideas, shot by other ideas, out of a pure intellectual notion called gun.

The Metaphysical tradition had sunk into decline: in attempting to reflect the tension between faith and scepticism (in a world in which traditional cosmology and belief were being questioned), it allowed scepticism to triumph: the Age of Reason approved the victory; language became earthier and muddier; grouse-shooting became the main concern of the day.

As years passed, eventually even scepticism was called in doubt. Then miracles were reported; faith began to seep back. Men began reflecting on centuries of disruption when nothing seemed quite certain and there was a constant tension between belief and disbelief. They found the early part of the 17th century not unlike the 20th. Two hundred years narrow to a pin point in their minds. John Donne, Vaughan and Marvell are now being constantly reprinted. Their poems appear amazingly modern; their dilemmas become shared a second time, for in "poetry all things are made bright and new." Men undergo an "influence" such as their ancestors underwent. They begin to bridge the ages, to link Donne and Baudelaire. Every moment the world seems tc be growing smaller. Sometimes it seems as if Virgil wrote only yesterday. "Perhaps, after all," men sigh today, "the Atomic revolution is not so unlike the Copernican. . . ."

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

STYLE AND ORIGINALITY

[**Shri Surendranath Tripathi** offers in this essay some provocative thoughts.—ED.]

Literature cannot be conceived in a vacuum; and it needs a form in order to be recognized as such. This is true of all art. The man of letters (which expression itself is suggestive) has to choose some form of the written word to communicate his image or his "emotion recollected in tranquillity." In fact the indescribable force and inspiration behind his image usually causes him to decide on the form spontaneously. That done, he applies himself to the construction of the image—a physical deed—though he is still in an emotional state. And here is a difficulty for many a writer. The word-picture painted from an emotional pitch may not serve his purpose; with the best of intentions and utmost sincerity, he may fail to be communicable. The words he selects and the order in which he arranges them may, it is just possible, not produce the intended or desired rhythm. The words may not be the right words! And here comes in the consideration of style, which in its turn may be the mother of originality.

The word style, as it is used in literary criticism, designates one whole aspect of artistic creation. Upon it depends the total effect of a work of art. In art and literature, as also in workaday behaviour, it is most important how one says a thing. The glory of a true and genuine image is heightened when the artist is able to assemble "words in their best order," and it is his faculty to thus assemble words which he can claim as his own, and therein lies his originality. Thus a work of literature has to be doubly original: first, the artist's imaginative approach to his chosen theme is his own; second, the style or presentation of the theme is his and may, in its ultimate effect, sound glorious or dull. The second, as said, is more important than the first, because an inferior emotion may yet have a desirable beauty if the expression is perfect.

Style in literature is the grace or form involved in the arrangement of words. Thus, in writing, essential style is the way in which we express ourselves, and it reveals our thought process and our personality; it is our art in the use of words. The expressions and words chosen and the order and setting assigned to them is essentially associated with the artist's personality, yet this should be revealed so as not to become too apparent or obtrusive. If style is separated from personality and personality from style, there is neither style nor personality worth the name. All good style embodies in itself the personality of the author

and in every case the style is the man himself.

Thus essential style changes from person to person, but it is equally true that the same person may adopt different styles, in the sense of forms of writing, on different occasions. This brings in the question of the predominance of theme over style in the sense of a mode of expression. This aspect of style must be very precisely suitable to the theme. Precision is one of the virtues that makes a style likable and effective. A style that tends to become lopsided and floppy is not forceful. The use of a minimum of words with a maximum of effect is the most desirable achievement. One who deals in words must be constantly on guard lest those chosen lose the companionship of his thought and entail his wandering from his theme, consciously or unconsciously, thus preventing his ranking among the masters of style in either sense.

Not that a master of style always writes flawlessly. In the work of a master artist even, some flaws become adjusted in a mysterious way and pass in the general pattern. If a real flaw in the style of a master writer is noticed by critics, it starts a controversy around it. If this does not add anything to his fame, it will by no means detract anything from it.

A loose style is apt to misrepresent or distort the thought of a writer, which, if correctly conveyed, would be his gift to humanity. Elegant language is desirable but filling a work unnecessarily with even the choicest words is always to be discouraged. Elegance in essential style does not come from outside, it comes from within. Such style is not only "extraneous ornament," to all good writing, just as refined and cultured behaviour are ornaments of a person.

"The style," runs the oft-quoted expression of Buffon, "is the man himself." This expression attributes to his style the qualities and characteristics that distinguish the man. By reading from their works we are able to say: "This is Dr. Johnson," or "This is R. L. Stevenson." The oneness between his essential style and the man is sacred and heavenly ; it cannot be expected that this bond should deteriorate. The personal qualities reflected in a style give it its very life, make it living. Style must be human, full of life. Its effectiveness is dependent upon the extent to which it reflects its creator. This is of supreme interest in the study of style.

Style is the writer's reflection as we are God's. Just as God's image is reflected in everything, in the same way a writer's essential style bears the image of its creator. It is difficult to conceive of a deeper harmony than the one existing between an artist and his creative work and this superb harmony, this relationship, lasts through the ages.

Turning to the problem of

originality in artistic expression, we may note that one need not look for a new subject, one never heard of by either mortals or gods, queer and grotesque, one never treated of before. Instead one's unique way of looking at a thing is what is important, one's own attitude and personal reactions to a problem or subject. With these the work produced will have all the qualities of original writing. It will have novelty and freshness. A talented writer is capable of making lively and interesting any subject, even one that has been treated of a thousand times over before him. He will always add something which will transform the subject into a new creation. The light of his own soul will be reflected in his writing. Not that he will not study his subject, but it will be only the impressions collected as a result of his study and assimilated in his mind that will guide him to think anew from an attitude peculiar to himself. This process of thinking and assimilating becomes writing which seems as fresh as the first flower of the morning and is illumined with light bestowed by the soul of the man. It is in this way that style and originality become associated in all proper writing.

All good writing gives an impetus to thinking and consequently causes the growth of literature. This is how literature has piled up through the ages. Literature that does not arouse in the mind of the reader questions or solutions, or lead him to some original thinking, has no right to the name.

We have said that every good writer adds something of his own even to the commonest theme by bringing into play the element of his soul — the personal element as it is called. But there is at the same time need to beware of the danger of too much personality in a work, for that spoils its charm for the reader and the writing will fail to be great. The presence of the personality in a writing does not imply that personal tastes and fads, likes and dislikes should be aired. All should be in balance so that the reader, instead of feeling the writer's personality as an intrusion, may revel in it.

The best way to judge whether the writer has projected his personality in the right proportion is to examine the extent to which he is impersonal. He should write for everybody from his own angle, he should be a detached observer of things, an onlooker, though he plays his part actively in the scene. He plays the double rôle of actor and audience at the same time through his insight and clairvoyant means. John Middleton Murry refers to this when he speaks of the presence of the "maximum of personality" and "the maximum of impersonality" in a piece of good writing.

To sum up: style should be understood as the art of expressing oneself through a form suited to a particular

image in the mind. Every artistic expression, whether in poetry, drama, painting, architecture, dancing, etc., has a style of its own, but one central aim is common to all: the creating of an object or situation of beauty and wonder. This involves bringing into play the personality of the artist in proper proportion. The two terms, style and theme, are complementary. A certain amount of digression from the chosen theme can be resorted to by the discriminating artist, but circumlocution should certainly be taboo in a consideration of style. Style is an ornament but not an extraneous one. Precision and exactness are qualities essential to good style. Essential thoughts and emotions clothed in simple and direct language make good form or style; involved language destroys charm and obstructs understanding.

Generally speaking, there are no fixed standards or hard and fast rules for the guidance of those who take to literary creation. Essential style is the distinctive mark of a person's writing and, broad similarities excepted, it is different with every writer. Two styles may seem almost identical but the discerning eye of the critic will spot the individual peculiarities of each. Style in the essential sense is a gift over which human regulations have no control. Style as mere form is perfected by practice. It is with this background that a study of style should be undertaken.

SURENDRANATH TRIPATHI

SHAKUNTALA AND ZAL

There is some resemblance in the stories of Shakuntala and Zal. Both were nourished by birds. Zal was left by his father, close to the mount Alburz, taken by the great bird Saena and attended by her; and Shakuntala's mother Menaka left her child, close to the river Malini, by the great mountain Himalaya and she was nourished and attended by Sakunis (birds), and therefore was named Shakuntala. Her real father was the great sage Visvamitra, originally of Ksatriya or Warrior class. Shakuntala's son was Bharata the great king, and Zal's was none other than the great Rustam. The love story of Zal and Rudaba and that of Shakuntala and Dushyanta are both romantic, but in other respects have no resemblance. The story of Shakuntala is an incident in the great epic the Mahabharata and the same as that of Zal in Shah Nama. In both there are supernatural occurrences. Shakuntala's simple story in the Adi Parvan, Chapters 89–100 in the Mahabharata was made into a beautiful drama by Kalidasa. The same could have been done of the story of Zal and Rudaba.

M. A. SHUSHTERY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

JAMINI ROY

[A well-known art critic, **Shri O. C. Gangoly**, mixes censure, praise and encouragement, as only critics can, in this appraisal of the paintings of Shri Jamini Roy, some of whose work was published last year in *Fifteen Coloured Plates: An Album of Paintings of Jamini Roy* (Dhoomi Mal Dharam Das, New Delhi. Rs. 15/-). The album contains well chosen paintings of the talented artist and is admirably printed. It is a publication worth procuring. Jamini Roy's paintings have a charm all their own.—ED.]

The review and criticism of the works of contemporary and living artists in modern times is one of the most risky and thankless jobs of critics. No fair, overall appraisal of the works of an artist still in the making and working on a path of further development is possible. Yet the demands of journalism have prevented critics from suspending judgment on the works of living painters. Encouraged by editors, critics have got into the habit of indulging in appraisals of the works of living artists and many artists, seeking early and premature recognition of their talents, have encouraged the critics.

Jamini Roy, thanks to publicity and frequent exhibitions of his works, has become the most popular Indian artist of modern times. In contrast to this, until a partial exhibition of his works was held in Bombay last year, Nandalal Bose, our greatest Indian artist, deeply immersed in the development of his works in moods of prolonged meditation, persistently avoided any publicity for his paintings. ignoring the claims of an appreciative public both in India and abroad.

In India, the general level of art appreciation is very low and the discriminative connoisseurs and critics are very few. So an artist adept in the art of publicity is better known and appreciated than the shy and modest worker. In fact, during the last 10 years the attention that mediocre and immature artists have attracted, by continuous exhibitions in Bombay and Delhi, has helped to bewilder the innocent public which has been hustled into accepting all newcomers in art as veritable geniuses.

The work of Jamini Roy, very well known as it is, stands very far above that of the rabble seeking name and fame through publicity devices. He has been steadily working on his own chosen path, deriving his inspiration and working data from the folk paintings of mediæval Bengal and the *Pata* Paintings of Bengali Vaishnavism, trying to develop mediæval conventions and types into dynamic forms through a new system of powerful and emphatic draughtsmanship, spelling out a richly coherent language of predominantly decorative intent. His experiment in seeking to develop the folk art of Bengal into a new and powerful modern art idiom was greatly helped by the late Guru Saday Dutt's discovery and collection of a large number of masterpieces of Bengal folk painting. Shri Dutt made a sensation by revealing the indigenous language of Bengal pictorial art, an idiom differing from both the classic forms of Ajanta and the rich and sonorous rhythms of Rajput painting.

It was indeed a strenuous process—through long and tedious experiments with the simple, unsophisticated data of Bengal village art—almost dead or dying—to put life into an obsolete language and vitalize it with new power of expression which would appeal to the modern mind. It must be admitted that Jamini Roy has succeeded

to a great extent in infusing new life into an obsolete system of draughtsmanship which at one time had been a powerful medium of Vaishnava culture, presenting living forms of faith in the folk life of Bengal. His principal stock in trade was a few types of Gopinis, Yasodas and youthful cowherds copied from the decorations of the old ritual and processional cars of the Bengal folk religion. From these mediæval decorative prototypes he developed a new pictorial language of great verve and expressiveness, marked by a lyric simplicity, yet with a new poise, a vigour and a rhythm all its own.

The recovery and resuscitation of the obsolete language of Bengal folk art was no mean achievement and raised hopes of higher things, hopes which, however, have not been fulfilled. In fact Jamini Roy's initial success has handicapped his further development. Francis Watson wrote:—

> Recently discovered by war-time Western visitors to Calcutta and introduced to London by a one-man show in Bond Street, he has perhaps been overpraised or praised for wrong reasons.

An Indian artist who builds his reputation on the easy appreciation of European admirers builds on an insecure foundation. The language of Indian art is the product of the many idiosyncrasies of Indian spiritual thinking which is still inaccessible to the majority of European thinkers and particularly to the small group of art critics who dabble in Indian art and pretend to have discovered the key to the mysteries of Indian æsthetics.

The fact that the carefully rehabilitated language of Bengali folk art resurrected in the archaic compositions of Jamini Roy was absolutely devoid of any solid spiritual content such as enriched the works of Nandalal Bose was missed by his superficial European admirers. Jamini Roy seems never to have touched the original springs of mediæval Vaishnava literature and the deep wells of Bengali Bhāgavatism but played with the discarded skeletons of Vaishnava art, believing the dead framework of Bengal pictorial art to be the repository of the highest culture and thought of Bengal. Jamini Roy has not revealed in any of his works the slightest knowledge of the works of the Vaishnava *Sādhakas,* who had built up the *Padāvali* hymns of the Vaishnava faith, records of the most deeply felt religious emotions in any literature, such as one meets with in the pictorial interpretations of Abanindranath Tagore, Khitindra Nath Mazumdar and Nandalal Bose.

The poet Tagore had drunk deep at the sources of Bengali Vaishnava literature and some of the highest thoughts of the Bengali devotional singers are embedded in the mystic phases of Tagore's poems. But Jamini Roy stands outside the rich resources of mediæval Vaishnava thought, represented by the mystic hymns of Vidyāpati, Chandīdās, Gyāna-das and a host of other devotional singers who have made a valuable contribution to the Bhāgavata literature.

A pictorial art empty of the resonance and mysticism of Bengali Vaishnavism could not go far enough by merely repeating the formulæ of Bengali folk art. Another serious handicap in his endeavour has been the sophisticated city-life of Jamini Roy. He sought to rejuvenate folk art by trying to recapture the elusive folk mind which he left in his native village many years ago—and many miles behind. His brother artists in Calcutta smile over Jamini Roy's "folk art" factory in the heart and hub of Calcutta, where he shows European admirers new versions of Neo-Bengali folk art.

Another complaint made against his works is that he has produced, in slightly altered versions, almost identical compositions, to the discomfiture of those who had acquired the earlier ones. There is no reason why Jamini Roy should stick to identical types and forms like the repeated types of Blake and Burne-Jones. It is this attachment to successful compositions and types of figures which appears to have

suspended the process of creation of new types and forms and retarded the next stage of development in his art, to which all his admirers and critics are looking forward with anxiety and hope.

This handicap to his art has invited comments such as these from some of his greatest admirers, like John Irwin and Sudhindranath Datta:—

> Jamini Roy's triumph has been the unity of head and hand. But if, as we say, the development is to continue, this unity has constantly to achieve *fresh* organic integration. If only the hand comes to function and if there remains only an air of facility, the reason is not in an atrophy of the mind itself but in a failure of the mind to readjust itself to the objective world which is various and changing. This, we believe, is the reason why Jamini Roy, like Matisse, in his day, has been unable to move forward. His purity has been personal, his clearing ground too large an area of human life. There is not one violent man, not one shrewish woman—in the whole of Jamini Roy's world —with its calm of mind and subdued passion. He has been a martyr to his own mastery.

Yet, as Sudhindranath Datta wrote,

> He now possesses a technique comprehensive enough to cope with almost everything; and could he but enlarge his sympathy, the demonstrations of organized labour should present him with fewer formal difficulties than the excesses of a Kirtan procession.

Despite the lack of fresh achievement in recent years, Jamini Roy's work nevertheless remains a marvel. He was given no aid by the atmosphere of Calcutta's world of art, nor had he access, even through books, to the contemporary art world in Europe, where he would have found fellow spirits. Yet in the lonely struggle he has painted magnificent pictures, and our gratitude asks us here: Could we humanly expect more?

O. C. GANGOLY

My Public Life. By SIR MIRZA ISMAIL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 176 pp. 1954. 18*s*.)

This brief record fulfils the desire expressed by the author in the last paragraph, namely, that its readers should wish for more rather than less. In fact, the reader often wishes also that Sir Mirza would be a little less impersonal, a little more reminiscent.

The book opens with an all too brief account of Ali Asker Shirozi, Sir Mirza's grandfather, who came to Bangalore from Iran at the age of 16, with a string of Arab horses and a pile of Persian shawls, and who, in spite of his illiteracy, established himself as a flourishing merchant, property owner and horse breeder, who knew everybody from the Chief Commissioner down. Surely a romantic story, deserving a chapter or two; Sir Mirza gives him only three pages.

As an administrator and among many other things, Sir Mirza was a great believer in the beneficent influence of a beautiful environment. He believed that flowering trees planted around hospitals, schools, colleges and factory compounds cost little, but yielded much in the effect they had on the hearts and minds of the workers. That is one reason why he became such a great builder, why his name will be forever linked with the beauty of Bangalore, Mysore and Jaipur.

Sir Mirza also believed in seeing people and things for himself. He went about the streets of the cities, he interviewed many people, and thus kept an effective check on dilatory and corrupt officials.

On the communal question he has expressed the noblest sentiment, "I felt that one pleases the Almighty even more by serving other faiths than one's own." He refused to join the Muslim League because he believed it to be anti-Hindu. The most striking observation in the book, in our opinion, is this testimony to his political wisdom: "Statesmanship consists in the anticipation and guidance of events, not in waiting upon them." He has a genuine

admiration for Mahatma Gandhi and had incurred official displeasure in giving public expression to it.

The book will not chiefly interest the reader as a record of Sir Mirza's public life, for the record is too brief; nor will it interest him chiefly for any account or analysis it gives of the rapidly changing scene of our national history; its chief appeal, we think, will lie in the picture of the gentle, genial, tactful and wise person that emerges from its pages, almost in spite of the author; the picture of a man with a singular gift for friendship, with a genuine love of nature, and with eminently sensible views on the problems of our times. He should write again, and let himself go next time!

G. C. BANNERJEE

Planning the Indian Welfare State: A Study of the Constitutional Aspects of India's First Five-Year Plan. By C. S. SUBRAMANIA AYYAR. (The Madras Law Journal Office, Madras. xxvi+149 pp. 1954. Rs. 6/8; 9*s.* 6*d.*)

In the nobly-worded Preamble to the Constitution of India its makers have, *inter alia*, stressed the idea that the Sovereign Democratic Republic of India aims at securing for its people not only political justice but also social and economic justice. Fully conscious as they were of the fact that democratic political institutions can survive and prosper only in an economic climate which ensures to every individual both work and a reasonable standard of living, they sought to delineate in Part IV of the Constitution the broad outlines or directive principles of the State which both the Centre and the village units, working in harmonious co-operation, should endeavour to establish in India. Article 39 of the Constitution, three items of which are quoted below, lays down that "the State shall, in particular, direct its policy towards securing":—

(*a*) that the citizens, men and women equally, have the right to an adequate means of livelihood;

(*b*) that the ownership and control of the material resources of the community are so distributed as best to subserve the common good;

(*c*) that the operation of the economic system does not result in the concentration of wealth and means of production to the common detriment; ...

The National Planning Commission which was appointed in 1950 to assess the resources of the country and to formulate a plan for their proper utilization published a draft plan in July 1951 for "the widest public discussion." After modifications made in the draft in the light of suggestions received by the Commission, the Five-Year Plan in its final form was presented to Parliament in December 1952. This Plan is the first organized effort made by the country to increase production and reduce the existing economic inequalities. It envisages, *inter alia*, the construction of new dams, canals, roads and factories, the reclamation of waste land, the remodelling of our land system and the building up of scientific laboratories for conducting fundamental and applied research. Shri C. S. Subramania Ayyar endeavours, as he says in his Preface,

...to interpret the *First Five Year Plan* strictly on its Constitutional and Legal bearings in order to provide a proper lead to the community in understanding and appreciating the Plan.

He has not only brought together a large amount of valuable material relevant to the discussion of the constitutional and economic facets of the Five-Year Plan but also has discussed the numerous problems which arise in connection therewith, with objectivity and critical acumen.

As the author deals with highly controversial issues, it may not always be possible for one to agree with him in the many views and opinions he has expressed. But there is no doubt that he has made a real contribution to the

study of the many problems which arise in the process of the establishment of a Welfare State in India.

M. RAMASWAMY

Our Next-Shore Neighbours. By KAKA KALELKAR. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 220 pp. 1954. Rs. 2/8)

This delightful volume is the vivid and valuable record of the impressions and reflections of the veteran writer Kaka Kalelkar. A close and life-long associate of Gandhiji, Kaka Kalelkar recounts his travels in East Africa over a period of two months. He refuses to regard Africa as the "dark continent" and laments the doings of the European settlers there, especially their blind experiments in an attempt to produce a European civilization in Africa.

Though the policies pursued by Europeans in East and South Africa do not encourage any hope of an honourable co-operation between them and the Africans, yet Kaka Kalelkar strikes an optimistic note in saying that some day on the soil of this continent three races: Africans, Asians and Europeans, will learn to love each other better; will shed their callousness and bitterness, and will build a common multiracial brotherhood.

Kaka Kalelkar's attitude to Africa is characterized by an abounding humanity and sympathy. He rightly reminds us that it was in Africa that the world discovered the great soul, Gandhiji. In his chapter "Education and Caste Divisions" he indicates the terrible need for a right type of religion that would encourage faith and piety instead of the communalism and creed and caste pride that are now rampant. He speaks against the three evils of our country: caste, religious communalism and provincialism, and when he brings the caste system under fire he refuses to see any good in it. He writes, "our humanity will not find full expression until we do away with both *varnas* and castes alike." It is, however, possible to look at these institutions as originally established. Some modern thinkers like Gerald Heard, Rudolf Steiner and Charles Waterman trace the *malaise* of civilization to its failure to recognize clearly the need to adequately organize a fourfold social order that would look after the cultural, political, economic and labour fields of human activity.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Waifs and Strays. By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN. (S. Viswanathan, Central Art Press, Madras. 53 pp. 1954. Re. 1/8)

Both the writer and the printer and publisher of this small book of eleven essays deserve praise; it is in every way far above the average for Indian publications. In it some of the common things that are a part of almost any one's ordinary, everyday life are considered in a genuinely human way. The writing is simple, charming, has the strength of sincerity, and is in parts poetic—and each essay is thought-provoking. But most of all the book is pervaded with a truly human quality: the power to evaluate that is kindly, tolerant and appreciative; yet does not, because of this, fail to show a sense of the fitness of things nor lack the courage to uphold some unpopular values and censure some popular ones.

E.P.T.

Women and Social Injustices. By M. K. GANDHI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xi+207 pp. 1954. Rs. 3/-)

This collection, a fourth enlarged edition, brings together all Gandhiji's writings and speeches relating to women. These cover the period from the late 1920's to the time of his death and deal with the reawakening of women and outstanding social injustices. Gandhiji had pronounced views on matters such as child marriages, child widows, enforced widowhood, the *purdah*, fallen sisters and *devadasis* (temple-girls). He strove to enlighten the public, mostly through the columns of *Harijan* and *Young India*, and to abolish these evil customs with the help of both the men and the women who sympathized with him. His message to youth in this connection was that youth movements should deal with questions of this character.

Gandhiji's views may seem rigid and controversial to some, especially to the undisciplined. The ideals of marriage and self-restraint, of *sati* and *satyagraha*, that he presented are difficult to practise, but he was decided and emphatic about them. He did not want "irreligion" to flourish in the name of religion or that of the scriptures. He wanted people to "test on the anvil of reason everything that is capable of being tested by it, and reject that which does not satisfy it. . . ."

Gandhiji's estimate of woman was very high. She was to him the embodiment of sacrifice, suffering and non-violence. Hence he expected much of women; especially of the educated ones. But as Rajkumari Amrit Kaur says in her foreword:—

> Are we going to fulfil that hope is the question before those of us who are in a position to lend that helping hand for our own soul's sake no less than for the country and the world.

MUMTAZ MOTIWALLA

Ramayana-Triveni. By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN. (S. Viswanathan, Madras. 59 pp. 1954. Re. 1/8)

The *Ramayana* is a unique example of literature, and literature has been aptly defined here as "life illumined, commented on and explained by a first rate mind of singular acumen and intuition." Therefore, the *Ramayana* is both a religious scripture and a commentary on life. As such, it is a perennial source of inspiration as well as instruction, with universality and objectivity running through it, as through all true literature, like golden threads.

The author of the present painstaking and profitable comparative study of some of the aspects of the epic, as dealt with in Valmiki's work in Sanskrit, Kamban's work in Tamil and Tulsidas' work in Hindi, has spot-lighted the beauties of each and thus deepened the reader's critical insight and æsthetic appreciation. The result is a bath of bliss in the *triveni* (the triple stream). The episodes and characters selected for mention from the *Ramayana* are "Filial Love," "Felicity of Marriage," "Sita Swayamvara," "Sita Svarnamriga" and "Vibhishana." Here is an illustration of Kamban's delineation: speaking of the *mriga* (the deer) in action, he says:—

> It moves slowly as if in deliberation; it stands and stares. Suddenly as if in apprehension it jumps into the air.... Neither the wind's speed nor the mind's quickness can equal its flight. It looks as though it initiates Truth itself to a new mode of accelerating its pace.

M. G.

How to Know God: The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali. Translated with a New Commentary by SWAMI PRABHAVANANDA and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 143 pp. 1953. 9*s*.)

From very early times there have been enlightened races which have reared men who were dissatisfied with the multiplicity of gods and with a purely superficial interpretation of the universe in terms of the transcience of everyday events. Attempts have been made throughout history to find a permanence within impermanence, an order amidst chaos, a meaning behind the cycles of regeneration and decay. But the East, which has given mankind all its great religions, looked behind immediate events, and though it saw "through a glass, darkly," it was rewarded by an inspiration which has flooded the earth with its light. No longer need sorrow remain unexplained nor suffering go unrewarded. God has come to his children in his own way and in his own time, knowing each race in its geography and evolution. Thus has He spoken through Zoroaster, and Buddha, and Christ, and Muhammad.

In India, the message came, as it were, to the very cradle of the human race, and monotheism, timidly sung in the Vedic hymns, became glorious conviction in the Upanishads. Schlegel once wrote:—

> It cannot be denied that the early Indians possessed a knowledge of the true God; all their writings are replete with sentiments and expressions, noble, clear and severely grand, as deeply conceived and reverentially expressed as in any human language in which men have spoken of their God.

By the time of Patanjali this lofty conception had crystallized, so in the interpretation now given to us by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood we have before us in modern form a summary of the Hindu spiritual evolution and achievement in those long centuries before the birth of Christ. The two authors have approached their subject from the standpoint of Vedanta, which is both a religion and a philosophy, and is the name under which the divine revelation, inspired by the Upanishads and systematized in the *Vedanta-sutras*, has become generally known. Yoga, having its origins in the Vedanta, comprises those exercises in devotion, or more accurately, techniques of meditation which enable a man to experience union with God who is omnipresent and the only ultimate Reality. God who dwells within us is *Atman*, and it is *Atman* or the real Self which the yogi seeks to realize. Looking through and not at the external world, that flux of actions both good and evil with its fleeting scenes of beauty and sorrow, the yogi is drawn to a peace which passeth understanding, the peace of *Atman*.

The book has a definite and limited aim, namely, to state and explain the *Yoga-Sutras* of Patanjali, and this it achieves in a direct and dignified manner. It wisely refrains from a comparison with Western systems of psychology, for yoga is a finished whole, nor does it make significant incursions into modern science. Admittedly such analyses would be interesting, but quite outside the province of a small book; and not only for reasons of space, since its vital message would thus be extinguished under the weight of erudition. For those who want a straightforward exposition of yoga this neat and attractive little book will provide the basic principles; and many, to whom *Samadhi* (state of union) may never mean anything at all, could certainly gain a great deal from the virtues of self-discipline and discrimination extolled in it.

H. J. J. WINTER

His Kingdom in Kenya. By ADELPHOI. (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London. 125 pp. 1953. 6*s*.)

This book is the joint product of several African and European Christians living in Kenya. Together they set out to show how black and white alike have failed to build a harmonious community. They indicate the underlying causes of this failure, and suggest the means by which a truly Christian society could replace the present destructive conflicts.

Their analysis of Kenya's problems is so simple and lucid that a schoolchild might read it with profit. The suggested solution is simple too—as simple, but in human terms as difficult, as the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount. What matters, they say, is to put more into a society than we try to take out of it. The contribution of black and white to the building of Christ's Kingdom can be equally valuable without being identical.

Readers uninformed about Kenya will find themselves beginning to understand the complex land development; the difficulties between employer and employee which appear to be colour problems but are actually economic; the vexed question of European immigration; the failures of the administration compared with its good intentions. Like the recent British Parliamentary delegation to Kenya, the authors emphasize that district officials, teachers, and missions have tended to destroy or corrupt the old patterns of African life without putting anything attractive in their place.

What is to fill this vacuum? The evil growth of Mau Mau itself appears as one sorry attempt. The writers call for more human contacts, more endeavours by each side to understand the other, an end of discriminations based on race and colour, combined with attempts by educated Africans to do more for their own people. A candid and illuminating list of "racial rubs" is offered to both Europeans and Africans; European patronage, self-righteousness and spiritual pride may be exasperating to Africans, but African importunity and unreliability can be equally irritating to Europeans.

The next to the last chapter: "Blueprint for the Future," contains a straightforward list of outstanding needs which must be fulfilled before Kenya is ready for self-government and the coming of His Kingdom.

VERA BRITTAIN

Christianity and Race Relations. By T. PRICE. (SCM Press, Ltd., London. 88 pp. 1954. 4*s*. 6*d*.)

This booklet is a "hasty synopsis," to use the author's own words, of a much bigger book, *Christianity and the Race Problem* by Dr. Oldham, which was published more than a generation ago and is not now available. The author has added material to make it up-to-date, but his book inevitably shares in the limitations of the original one. In the first place, the Christianity here spoken of is almost altogether of the Protestant type. From a book of this kind one would have liked to learn the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Greek Orthodox Church, etc., in regard to the race problem. Then there are the Coptic and the Syrian Churches which are largely composed of the so-called coloured peoples. In view of all this, it is not proper to speak of a limited section of Christianity as if it were the whole.

The author, however, rightly says that race prejudice, which is not innate, has grown out of modern European history and slavery, and that race-relations are found at their worst where the "clashing interests" of the white people have met with the different cultures of the coloured peoples. This is evident in the Southern States of the U.S.A. and in South Africa. One wonders if a further change will not occur in the U.S.A. and in South Africa within a decade or two. Things are

moving with a swiftness of which Dr. Oldham had no conception and of which even Dr. Price seems not to be fully conscious. It is certain and a pity, however, that this change is due to other forces than Christianity. Very often Christianity, albeit of the conventional or orthodox type, acts as a stumbling-block to the onward march of humanity. Dr. Price points out how, as he believes, Communism is stealing a march on Christianity and wants the latter not to lag behind. In order that this may not happen, what is needed is the conversion of so-called Christians into true disciples of Jesus such as was the late Mr. C. F. Andrews and is Dr. Albert Schweitzer. The time has passed for any patronizing on the part of white Christians of the coloured people, not only in justice but in reparation for the wrongs done them. Moreover, it is sheer mockery to speak of Christianity, in any true sense, when white and coloured Christians cannot everywhere pray and worship together in the same church!

MANILAL C. PAREKH

The Meditations of William of St. Thierry: Meditativae Orationes. Translated from the Latin by A RELIGIOUS OF C.S.M.V. With an Introduction and Notes. (A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., London. 108 pp. 1954. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

William of St. Thierry was a mystic of the 12th century, a Flemish noble, and a personal friend of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. He was for 26 years abbot of the monastery of St. Thierry. The great French scholar M. Etienne Gilson says of him:—

> William of St. Thierry has everything: power of thought, the orator's eloquence, the poet's lyricism, and all the attractiveness of the most ardent and tender piety.

Many of his mystic ejaculations, which have here been rendered into fine English, clearly come straight from the heart of one of the Great Authentics of spiritual vision. He is soaked with the language of Scripture, but at the same time is not afraid to use that language in daringly novel ways.

It will be well to give a few illustrations of William of St. Thierry's mystical thought:—"For love in us mounts up to Thee, O Lord, because the love in Thee comes down to us." "When, therefore, Thou indwellest us, we are Thy heaven, most assuredly." "For us too, to see God is to be like God. This unity, this likeness is itself the heaven where God dwells in us, and we in Him." "...hell can hold no greater torment than the lack of seeing Thee." "Christ in your conscience is the treasure that you will possess." "Love is a single intense will."

We are grateful for this scholarly and beautiful addition to the shining treasury, of the East and West, of the world's mystical literature.

JOHN S. HOYLAND

CORRESPONDENCE

A SOLUTION TO THE DOWRY PROBLEM

[In publishing in our May issue (p. 229) a communication from Shri S. Balasubramania Iyer entitled "A Ban on Dowry," we invited discussion in our Correspondence columns of ways to overcome this widely prevalent practice which indeed, as Shri Iyer said, "besmirches the fair name of India." We are glad to publish here a thoughtful contribution by **Shri A. Viswanath.** We shall welcome the views of others who have suggestions to offer as to how the evil can best be overcome.—ED.]

Mr. S. Balasubramania Iyer in his article "A Ban on Dowry" has pointed out clearly the evils of this social custom and has tried to find a solution to it. It is admitted on all hands that the dowry system has ruined many middle-class families. Recently a few thinking individuals, among the educated class, have discussed this social evil and have suggested ways to correct it.

One suggested solution, as pointed out by Mr. Iyer, is to ban the custom by legislation. Mr. Iyer denies that there is any ground for fear if this is done. Yet I think there is some ground for fear. In the first place, this is a social problem and as such cannot be completely solved by legislation. Even supposing that a law is passed that no dowry shall be demanded, modern youths will not yield so easily. They will think of demanding dowry in the form of presents if not in cash. A graduate may lay down the condition that he should be sent for higher studies. Parents who can afford to do so, looking to the future of their daughters, will accept the condition laid down. Thus this social evil will continue in a slightly different garb.

Mr. Iyer has also referred to an oath taken by some Marwari girls not to marry if any dowry is demanded. If bridegrooms are firm in demanding the dowry, such girls will remain spinsters. It is a brave step taken by these girls but not an effective one. If, on the other hand, young men will take an oath not to demand any dowry that will certainly be a step forward.

Another suggestion put forward is to raise the marriageable age for girls. How can this help to solve the problem? Graduates demand dowry. Nowadays one will be between 20 and 24 when he takes his degree. Unless there is moral growth besides mental and physical the monetary motive is bound to exist. Therefore the real defect lies in modern education, which has no connection with the existing social customs.

It is a very unfortunate thing that the degrees received have failed to make the student conscious of social evils. There is something radically wrong with the present system of education that fails to arm girls and boys to fight against such evils.

For present-day youths marriage must cease to be arranged by their parents for the sake of money. They must realize the significance of marriage, a realization which most of them lack.

Therefore the real solution to this problem is social reform. No such thing is possible unless individual reform is undertaken. This means changing the minds of modern youths by helping them to understand the tremendous evil caused by this social custom.

A. VISWANATH

A LETTER FROM LONDON

[The following letter from **Shri Sunder Kabadi,** whose first letter appeared in our June number, is topical and will greatly interest all our readers. The problems of which Shri Kabadi writes were visualized by the able novelist, James Aldrich, in *The Diplomat,* first published in 1949. The comments of our esteemed correspondent take our mind back to what was fiction then but is fact now.—ED.]

London, June 25th.... "When I hear the word 'negotiate,' I reach for my gun." This is the approach to world problems which seems to animate the leaders of America and which is increasingly deplored among all but the most reactionary sections of opinion in Britain. In this tiny section there are such strange companions as Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, Editor of *Punch*, who was once Deputy Editor of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* (which today attacks Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, as an "imperialist" because he disputes the right of France and Portugal to continue in possession of Indian territory), and that veteran Tory die-hard, Lord Vansittart, who, like Mr. John Foster Dulles, regards attempts at negotiation with the Soviet Union and China as a sheer waste of time.

These gentlemen regard themselves first and foremost as realists, yet they remain hopelessly blind to the vast changes that have taken place in the world since the days of their youth when it was possible for the great European Powers to mould not only their own destinies but also the destiny of the world. Among these great changes which they stubbornly refuse to recognize is the emergence into freedom and independence of the densely populated nations of Asia and the inspiration that it has given to other peoples still struggling to break the chains of colonialism and imperialism.

The Geneva Conference revealed in an alarming way that those who stubbornly refuse to take into account the great redistribution that has taken place in the balance of power throughout the world are in charge of the American people, whereas in Britain they can exercise no greater influence than as columnists in Sunday newspapers or as editors of comic magazines.

While recognizing that the existence of a New Asia means the end of the old imperialist outlook on world affairs, the leaders of Britain have at the same time realized that the future of what is loosely known as the Western World, as distinct from the Communist World, depends on what Mr. Eden, in his report to the House of Commons on the Geneva negotiations on Wednesday, 23rd June, described as the "support" and "understanding" of the free and independent Asian nations.

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden, and indeed Mr. Attlee and even the heretic Mr. Bevan, believe that there is a way of opposing the threat of international Communism to Western interests which can retain for the West at least the "good-will" and "understanding" of India and other independent Asian nations and which may even, in the long run, align the great Asian nations alongside the West in a more positive fashion. The important difference between American policy and British policy, which the Geneva Conference has underlined, is that Britain is prepared to gamble on this over a long period, whereas the Americans, with childlike impatience, want their desires to be satisfied without delay.

Britain has been actively combating so-called Communism in various parts of Asia relentlessly and intensively ever since the end of the war. In Malaya, for example, the war against the "bandits" has been going on for six years, and still shows no signs of

coming to an end. In the annual report of the Malayan Federation for 1952, it was disclosed that 4,000 tons of bombs and two million rounds of ammunition were expended, and that nearly a quarter of a million men were kept under arms to deal with the "emergency." The police force costs more than ten times as much to run today as it cost just before hostilities began. There are more policemen in Malaya, with a population of seven millions, than in Britain itself, with a population of fifty millions.

Britain, through the exercise of world power over several centuries, has understood that those nations who want to call themselves "Great" have to pay a price, which is that of ceaseless military vigilance wherever their power extends throughout the world. Today there are 80,000 British troops in the Suez Canal base, one of the worst military outposts, from a soldier's point of view, that Britain continues to maintain. There are British troops spread throughout many parts of the world, from Germany to Korea, from Kenya to Malaya. So long as Britain has world interests, she accepts the need permanently to station soldiers and increasingly costly military equipment in such places to preserve those interests.

The Americans, who did not come to play the rôle of a world power until the end of the second world war, are historically and temperamentally unsuited for this rôle. Being a vast and almost self-sufficient continental nation, they are not accustomed to looking outward at the world, but inwards towards themselves. Since they have been thrust into the centre of a troubled world stage, their natural inclination is to grapple with the problems and difficulties which confront them, solve them in the shortest possible time with all the power and enthusiasm they can, and then get on with the real business of running America.

The great discoveries of science in the past quarter of a century and their application to industry foster the illusion that the problems that inevitably arise in international relations can be solved scientifically. Aldous Huxley put his finger on the weakness of this attitude when he wrote:—

> Because technology advances, we fancy that we are making corresponding progress all along the line; because we have considerable power over inanimate nature, we are convinced that we are the self-sufficient masters of our fate and captains of our souls; and because cleverness has given us technology and power, we believe, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, that we have only to go on being yet cleverer in a yet more systematic way to achieve social order, international peace, and personal happiness.

The greatest example of how this outlook is being given practical expression today is in the reverence with which Western statesmen regard their atom and hydrogen bombs. Take away these great perversions to which science has been put and we find there is not very much more at the core of dominant Western world policy than a lusty determination to preserve their privileged position in the world, which they built up so often at the expense of other peoples.

Not even the French people themselves are now prepared to believe that their sacrifices in blood and treasure in Indo-China over the past seven years were inspired by an overwhelming regard for peace, freedom and democracy. Yet, while there were the faintest prospects of maintaining French domination in Indo-China, the French people were brought to accept the sacrifices involved by appeals to their idealism. They were encouraged, morally and materially, by Britain and America, to "wage the good fight" which now, with defeat staring them in the face, a new French Government (that of M. Mendes-France) has pledged itself to bring to an end within a month.

The more one studies the great contrast between Western ideals and Western performance in regard to Asia, the less reason does there seem to be

for lending that "support" and "understanding" which Mr. Eden is out to secure. The colonial stables in Asia need to be cleaned out much more thoroughly than the owners have so far shown themselves prepared for before anything apart from our own freedom and independence is worth defending. Before military lines begin to be drawn on the map, there is much else that the West could do to show that it is seriously concerned to promote security and stability in this part of the world. It could, for example, recognize the simple fact of China's existence and bring to an end what Mr. Attlee has described as the "farce" of her exclusion from the United Nations, thus restraining such dangers to peace as obviously exist in Formosa and Seoul.

SUNDER KABADI
June 25, 1954

Prof. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri, Professor of Indology in the University of Mysore, reviewed orally on June 12th at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, the illustrated first volume of *Studies in Proto-Indo-Mediterrānean Culture* by the Rev. H. Heras, S.J. (Indian Historical Research Institute, Bombay. Rs. 175/-). Professor Sastri mentioned that Father Heras had attempted to "elucidate some of the most fascinating problems" raised by the excavations of the Indus Valley cities, Mohenjo-Daro, Harappa and Chanhu-Daro. In particular, this volume was concerned with the system of deciphering the inscriptions and examining the "historical foundations" of the first migrations of the Proto-Indians westwards to Mesopotamia and to Egypt.

Speaking of the contents of the work, the Professor said that the first of its five chapters dealt with the crucial claims to decipher the inscriptions, but, in his opinion, this had not been achieved. Father Heras did not follow any recognized method in deciphering the Indus Valley scripts by means of bilingual records, none being available, while his own method, explained by him in the Preface (pp. xf.), was not easy to understand. The second studied the affiliation between the Indus Valley and the Sumerian people; the third, dealing with migration, "tended to be abstruse" in the opinion of the Professor. The fourth, which studied the "Fish Legend," did not "justify this legend chronologically, as Leonard Woolley and his colleagues had done." The last chapter, concerned with the migration of the Dravidians to foreign lands, and the spread of Dravidian culture throughout the world, was the "crown piece," though, as yet, evidence could not be said to go beyond the fact that, even in those ancient times, the Dravidians occupied "that area which they occupy even today."

In general, Professor Nilakanta Sastri found the book "not consistent in itself." The entire thesis of Father Heras was based on 10 postulates explained in Chapter I (pp. 61 ff.); but many of the conclusions were "contained in the postulates themselves."

Professor Nilakanta Sastri said that most of the accredited authorities did not agree with the conclusions of Father Heras. Father Heras considered the Sumerian Inscriptions more advanced than those of the Indus Valley. This view was not accepted by Barton, a leading authority.

In spite of his disagreeing on many points, however, Prof. Nilakanta Sastri said that the book was the fruit of several years' labour and that there was no doubt of "the prodigious learning and indefatigable effort behind this monumental work," which should be read with the care it merited.

H. G. NARAHARI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Sir Philip Morris, C.B.E., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bristol, examines thoughtfully in the *Universities Quarterly* for May the problem of "The Higher Education of Scientists and Technologists." He defines the problem as how to

> bring up succeeding generations so that they have the knowledge without which they cannot meet the requirements of their times, and become heirs to accumulated experience in the choice of aims and objectives in life and work, and the methods and manner in which they will pursue them.

He rightly deplores the tendency to accord less social esteem to the products of technological education than to those of scientific training. His urging of the need "for much more tolerance and mutual respect based upon the relevance of the situation unhindered by traditional prejudice." This plea can be applied with a wider relevance by all sections of such a stratified society as that of India.

Technological education alone cannot give broad outlook, balanced judgment or æsthetic appreciation, to say nothing of developing the human sympathies and aspirations—all necessary to the whole man. And like citizen, like State. Other fields of study can indeed, as Sir Philip suggests, fructify the applied as well as the pure sciences.

He rightly recognizes physical accommodation and equipment for technological studies as but part of the problem, maintaining that

> the excessive segregation of specialities defeats its own ends, and there is wisdom as well as safety in our not departing too far and too abruptly from our traditional multi-purpose institutions. . . .Too great a concentration upon a single line of thought or field of activity can easily result in a kind of sterility which can conveniently and most effectively be offset by circumstances and an environment which makes isolationism between different fields of work as near as makes no matter impossible.

Distinguished scholars of several free countries participated by means of recorded lectures in the symposium broadcast in the U.S.A. in honour of Columbia University's Bicentennial, for which the theme "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof" had been chosen. Thirteen of these, on "Tradition and Change," have been published in book form under the general title of the symposium.

There are especially practical lessons for other countries in another address on this subject delivered by Sir Hartley Shawcross, P.C., at a Conference in New York sponsored by the University and several associations, to discuss lessons from abroad in the conflict between man's right to knowledge and the security of the community.

He reminded his hearers that freedom and toleration were only realizable as an aim if practised also as a means —an eminently Gandhian observation!

> . . . in England, on the whole, the community accepts the fact that, if we claim freedom to propagate the ideas with which we agree, we must grant others freedom to advocate ideas which we detest.

His people were waging the cold war with the weapons of courage, truth, dignity and tolerance, he said. How many in the two power blocs could truthfully claim on behalf of their countries, as Sir Hartley did for England, freedom from hatred? Even during the war, those punished for offences under the special war-time regulations had been punished by the ordinary criminal courts, and *for what they had done, not for what they had*

thought. The right of *habeas corpus* had never been suspended.

And the post-war policy of meeting indirect Communist propaganda with informed and enlightened public opinion, and leaving espionage and sabotage to Government agencies' handling in accordance with the rules of law, had been effective. Communist Party strength was practically nil, without a single representative in the legislature or, he thought, even in local municipal bodies, and in all unions Communist influence had steadily declined. Communists were not debarred from University professorships for subjects unrelated to history or political economy. There had been careful inquiry into the suitability of those employed in Government posts involving security considerations, but there had not been "any kind of public investigation or purge directed to excluding Communists from political office or public position."

If the cold war was not to become a hot war, Sir Hartley truly said, some *modus vivendi* would have to be found with the Communist States. He called for "more international free trade in the commerce of ideas and knowledge," and pointed to the "illimitable possibilities if only we could pool our resources of knowledge and information in real good will."

An encouraging note was sounded at Denver (U.S.A.) on June 4th by Mrs. Theodore S. Chapman of Illinois, newly elected President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, nearly half of the membership of which is in clubs in other countries. In her address she called for looking at the present with purpose and with confidence. "Instead of an atomic age, let us call our times the age of responsibility."

Especially important, in view of the trend to conformity in her country and in the world at large, was her calling on American women to "do battle against fear." "We must," she declared, "fight forces which make people afraid of freedom—afraid to think or speak freely or differently."

Women had to increase their personal moral resources and become more socially conscious. And who can doubt that the climate of thought would indeed change for the better if mothers, as she enjoined them to do, put fear out of their own hearts first and then made their homes secure so that the members of their families would "go out with confidence, courage and serenity"?

Mutual mistrust, spreading like an epidemic, holds a threat to the world more insidious but no less serious than any germ-spread plague. As the consciousness of its menace spreads, more and more individuals and countries are bound to appreciate the necessity for an attitude of confidence and friendliness for all.

The June 1954 issue of *Women's Welfare Journal* contains an instructive essay on "Is There a 'Harmless' Lie?" by Jeanne Dumas, Senior Lecturer in Psychology, M.S. University of Baroda. Basing her analysis on a recent study of mother-child relations, she comes to the conclusion that in any circumstances it is harmful for a mother to lie to her children. To the child, its mother is a symbol of the outside world and her reliability a part of the order of nature. To find her lying shakes its faith in the world and plagues its mind with an unwholesome sense of insecurity. A good deal of its excessive demonstration of affection is really an attempt on the child's part to keep hold of an unreliable support.

More broadly, a social order built upon distrust must cause unremitting tension, and hence illness, physical and psychological; and without general truthfulness general trust is impossible.

Why, then, do mothers acquire the habit of lying to their children? Possibly it is because they unconsciously reject the child, or possibly because they do not think of the child as a reasoning individual like themselves. Surely if they could realize the harm even one lie does to a child they would mend their ways.